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# Nick Carter Stories

## A DYING CHANCE

or Nick Carter's Master Move

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# NICK CARTER STORIES

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# A DYING CHANCE;

## Or, NICK CARTER'S MASTER MOVE.

Edited by CHICKERING CARTER.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A STARTLING FIGURE.

"Great Scott!" gasped Chick Carter.

"Holy smoke! What was it?"

The last came from Patsy Garvan—and well might he ask.

What was it?

Whence came it?

Was it man, beast, or bird?

Seen only for a moment in a patch of moonlight through the trees, then caught for an instant in the glare of the headlights when the touring car sped around a curve of the woodland road—seen under these uncertain conditions, it might have been either of the three.

It appeared and vanished like an apparition, risen out of the earth and gone into the air.

No sound from any direction was the harbinger of its approach.

It was a startling, shocking, and an appalling spectacle, thrilling one in the superlative degree in an instant.

"Hold on! Slow down, Danny! Follow me, Patsy!"

These rapid commands, fairly mingled with the exclamations from Chick and Patsy, came from Nick Carter, who, also, had seen the mystifying creature in the road.

It did not, however, mystify the famous New York detective.

Nick Carter knew at once that he beheld a man.

It was about ten o'clock in the evening, a clear, starry night in May, with a half-fulled moon hanging low in the western sky.

In company with his two chief assistants, and with Danny Maloney, his chauffeur, at the wheel of his big touring car, Nick Carter was rapidly approaching the busy little manufacturing city of Bradford, scarce two hours' run from New York, to which he had been summoned on business in connection with the bitter fight then involving one of the leading industries of the city and its army of employees—the well-known Garside Manufacturing Company, Limited, makers of the watches and jewelry that bear the trade-mark of that famous concern, and which are found in every market of the world.

The limitations of this great enterprise, however, were chiefly invested in Mr. Caleb Garside himself, its founder, director, and arbitrary dictator of all of its policies, as well as of all with whom he came in contact, a man whom success had rendered autocratic and overbearing—the man to whose urgent summons Nick Carter and his assistants were then responding.

The scattered lights of an outskirt of Bradford had come into view more than five minutes before. A belt of woods had shut them from view since then, and it was while following a woodland road running through this uncleared section, flanking the south side of the growing city, that the detectives beheld the strange figure mentioned.

It bounded out of some shrubbery on one side of the road, flashed one wild glance at the approaching car, and then dashed out of sight on the opposite side of the road. A startled deer could not have moved more rapidly, would not have appeared more terrified. It was like a figure in a horrible dream, or the fantastic goblin of a nightmare.

Nick Carter was quick to think and act on such an occasion. Shouting his commands to Danny and Patsy, the latter being seated directly in front of him, Nick opened the door of the tonneau and leaped from the moving car, which had quickly passed the point where the figure had been seen.

Patsy uttered a shout, and followed him.

Nick ran back about thirty yards, then discovered a diverging lane, through which the uncouth figure evidently had fled.

"This way, Patsy, this way," he cried, hurrying on over the rough ground. "We must overtake him, if possible."

"'Him!'" echoed Patsy, then close upon Nick's heels. "Was it a 'him,' chief? What did you make of it?"

"A man."

"I thought 'twas a huge bird. It looked like a gigantic rooster."

"Not at all."

"It has feathers, chief. I'll swear to that."

"So will I."

"How can it be a man, then? Who ever heard of a man with feathers?"

"This man has something more."

"What do you mean? What else?"

"Tar."

"Tar—oh, by thunder!" cried Patsy. "You think some man has been tarred and feathered."

"Or some woman, possibly."

"But——"

"Wait!"

Nick stopped short and listened.

Followed closely by Patsy, he had covered a hundred yards through the woods. Scattered lights could be seen again, and the illumined windows of several dwellings, all beyond the remaining woodland.

Another lane, making off to the right, had also caught the detective's eye. He could not determine which way the fleeing man had taken, if either of them, in fact. Nor could he, after listening briefly, hear any sound to guide him.

"Go that way, Patsy," Nick abruptly directed, pointing to the right. "Go as far as those houses, and you may discover him. Find out, if you can, if anything has occurred and the cause of it, then return to the car. Signal me with a whistle, if needed."

"I've got you, chief!" cried Patsy, darting away.

Nick followed the lane to the left. Another hundred yards brought him to the edge of the woods, and nearly into the rear grounds of several wooden dwellings of moderate size, each with a strip of vegetable garden back of it, and one with a small stable, evincing additional prosperity, all manifestly being the homes of a laboring class.

Nick paused again and glanced sharply around. At first he could see no one, nor could he hear anything, but presently he discovered a moving object—*the object!*

It was stealing back of the stable mentioned; a crouching, uncouth figure, dimly discernible in the moonlight. It vanished in a moment around the rear corner of the building.

Nick vaulted a low back fence and crossed an intervening lot, then crept noiselessly to the stable. He could hear through the rear wall the movements of some one within, mingled with subdued groans and muttered imprecations.

"A man—I was right," thought Nick. "But is he a man? Ordinarily, only miscreants are subjected to such a degradation, such contemptuous punishment. I must find out, in either case, and assist the poor devil."

Nick stepped quietly to the front of the stable. One section of the broad door was open. The moonlight was shed within. Nick now beheld his quarry at short range.

He was a man of medium height, with a compact, muscular figure; but little more than that could be definitely determined. For he had been stripped to his waist and covered from his hips to the top of his head with a thick coat of tar, followed with a generous application of feathers, that now gave him, indeed, as Patsy had said, the aspect of a huge bird, rather than a man.

It is the mark of supreme contempt. It is the token of utter degradation and disgrace. It is a righteous cause for insuperable humiliation.

When one is considered too abject and miserable to be whipped, shot, or hung with dispatch to the nearest tree, one may be stripped of one's clothing and bountifully tarred and feathered. It is the acme of humiliating punishment. It is the bitterest pill in the box.

From that moment one is marked for scorn and booked for universal contempt. One must feel irretrievably dishonored, whether meriting the punishment or not, and with this comes the birth of bitter hatred and ungovernable vengefulness, that can be appeased only with bloodshed and murder.

This appeared in the frenzy of passion with which, upon hearing Nick's footsteps, the man sprang up from a pail of grease with which he was rubbing his tar-coated figure, and seized an iron crowbar from a near corner, whirling it above his head and crying out fiercely, while he rushed out at the detective:

"Did you follow me here, even to my home? I'll have your life for this infernal——"

"Careful, my man, be careful," cautioned Nick, while he easily avoided the blow aimed at him. "You are mistaken. I know nothing about this outrage. I saw you from my touring car and followed you only to aid you. What's the occasion for such knavery?"

The man had dropped the bar and was staring at Nick. His blazing eyes took on a less desperate light. He remembered the car, and was at once impressed with the detective's friendly bearing and kindly voice.

"Knavery—aye, that's the word," he bitterly answered. "But you must pardon me. I mistook you for one of the hell hounds who served me this scurvy trick. But they shall pay for it. God hearing me, they shall pay dearly for it!"

"They certainly deserve severe punishment," said Nick.

"Take it from me, they'll get it."

"You know the miscreants, then?"

"No, not positively. But I'll find them. I'll hunt them down if it takes the rest of my life. I'll——"

"Stop a moment," said Nick. "I'll help you, perhaps, or, at least, advise you. Hunting down criminals is my business. Tell me about it. What was the occasion for it? You don't speak like a man deserving such treatment. I see you were using grease with which to remove the foul stuff. That's right. Resume your efforts, then, and, in the meantime, tell me your troubles. I make it my business, also, to aid those who need aid."

Not only in the voice and bearing of the man, in spite of his dreadful aspect, but also in the neat appearance of his house, grounds, and stable, Nick had detected indications of character quite inconsistent with the outrage committed upon him. He began to suspect that he was the victim of brutal enemies, therefore, rather than deserving of such treatment.

The man had listened without interrupting, and, with a curious expression rising in his dilated eyes.

"Do you mean that you are a detective?" he asked. "You're not Nick Carter, are you?"

"Why do you think I may be?"

"Only because the man I work for has sent for him. Leastwise, his son told me so."

"Are you employed by Mr. Caleb Garside?"

"I am, sir. I am the general foreman of his shops. My name is Henry Fernald."

"I'll meet you with equal frankness," Nick replied. "I am, as you infer Nick Carter, the detective."

"Ah, I was right, then."

"Now, Mr. Fernald, tell me the meaning of this," Nick requested. "I am convinced that you have done nothing to deserve such treatment. Count on me to aid you. I will listen while you continue cleaning up. Put on plenty of grease."

"There is not much to be told, Mr. Carter, but enough to be done—aye, enough to be done," Fernald replied, with bitter significance. "You know about the fight between Garside and part of his help. Some of his men are striking for higher wages and shorter hours. Others are on the verge of going out, though the girls are still sticking to their jobs. There has been violence and threats of more. One of the company stables has been burned. It's not known who did it, but strikers are suspected. It's a bad mess and a bitter fight, sir, but Garside won't yield an inch."

"You refer to Mr. Caleb Garside, I suppose, not to his son."

"Yes, sir. The old man is all there is to it. What he says goes. He holds a controlling interest in the stock of the company."

"How many hands are employed?"

"Nearly two thousand. One-third of them are girls, or young women. About half of the men are out. The others——"

"I infer that you are opposing this strike," Nick put in.

"Aye, sir, tooth and nail, and that's the reason for this brutal business," said Fernald, looking up. "Leastwise, that's what I suspect."

"You think you were assaulted by some of the strikers."

"I do, Mr. Carter."

"Did you recognize any of them?"

"I did not. God help them, sir, if I had. They were masked, every mother's son of them. They——"

"Tell me about it. Where did it occur? How did you happen to fall into their hands?"

"I was late in the shops and was going home by the back road and the lane, sir, which is the nearest for me and the one I most always take."

"A fact probably known by your assailants."

"Yes, sir. They held me up in the woods, eight or ten of them, and bound and gagged me. Then they forced me farther into the woods, half a mile from any house, and—well, there's little to add. You see what they did to me."

"Are you hurt, other than——"

"I'm hurt only here!" cried Fernald, fiercely beating his breast with his fist. "I'm only hurt inside, where one suffers the most. God hearing me, they shall pay for it. They shall pay the price."

"I appreciate your feelings, Fernald," Nick said gravely. "I will do what I can to help you bring the miscreants to justice. Is there anything more you can tell me? Are you opposed to the strikers because you think their demands are unjust?"

"I am, sir."

"Is there any other reason? They should not have assailed you for that. Tell me frankly," Nick added, noting his hearer's hesitation. "You may safely confide in me, I assure you."

"Well, sir, it's like this," said Fernald impulsively: "Many of them think I oppose them because young Tom Garside is in love with my daughter, Mollie, and wants to marry her. God knows, sir, there is no possibility of that. The old man, Tom's father, would disown him, or see him dead in his coffin, before he would stand for that. That's the other reason, sir, but it has not feet to stand on. I'm sticking to the company only because the company has stuck to me and used me well. I'll see the strikers damned before I join them. That's all there is to it."

"Does your daughter love Tom Garside?"

"Aye, sir, as far as that goes," Fernald admitted. "But I've warned her against it, sir, and Mollie is dutiful, as well as beautiful. Old Caleb Garside won't even allow his son to speak to her. He's a bear, sir, for having his own way."

"I understand," Nick replied. "Where is your daughter this evening?"

"In the house and abed, sir, and that's why I've come into the stable to clean off this infernal stuff," Fernald said, with a bitter growl. "I wouldn't have her see me. 'Twould break her heart—as it has almost broken mine!"

"Don't feel that way over it. Take a word of advice from me," said Nick. "You have been seen only by me and my companions, I judge."

"Aye, sir, that's all. I fled home through the woods."

"Very good. The rascals who committed the crime will not venture to reveal it, knowing they might expose themselves by doing so. They probably think you will report it to the police, thus saving them the taking of any such risk. Do you see the point?"

"Yes, sir; I do."

"Fool the rascals, then, by saying nothing about the assault," Nick advised. "It's up to you not to let it leak out. If it does leak out, Fernald, I'll very soon find the source from which it started, and aid you to corner the curs. How does that hit you?"

"It hits me just right, sir," Fernald warmly declared, rising to his feet and gazing gratefully at the detective. "I'll do what you advise, Mr. Carter, both now and later. I'll clean off this accursed stuff and——"

"And we will meet again to-morrow," Nick interposed impressively. "I think I may have learned something of significance by that time, and we will further discuss the matter. Leave it entirely to me, Mr. Fernald, for the present."

"I will, sir, on my word," Fernald gratefully consented. "How can I repay you?"

"Don't let that trouble you," said Nick, smiling. "I never will send you a bill. What has occurred to-night may be of advantage to me, Fernald, in the work Caleb Garside expects of me. I will see you again to-morrow."

Nick then left the humiliated man to the dismal task

engaging him, and returned to his touring car. He met with a surprise in that he found only Chick and Danny awaiting him.

Patsy Garvan had not returned.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

There was only one reason for Patsy Garvan's absence. His course in pursuit of the tarred-and-feathered man took him several hundred yards from the home of Henry Fernald, though he brought up, as Nick had done, back of several dwellings fronting on the same street.

Patsy looked vainly, of course, for the man he was seeking. When about to retrace his steps, however, after searching back of several of the dwellings, he caught sight of a dark figure in the street, which he saw for only a moment between two of the houses.

The stealth with which it was moving led Patsy to think he had discovered his quarry, and he hastened across a back yard and between the two dwellings to verify his suspicions. Instead, peering around a corner of one of the houses, he found the figure to be that of a woman.

She was the only person then visible in the somewhat secluded street, and her aspect and actions at once aroused Patsy's misgivings.

She was closely veiled and clad in black from head to foot. This somber attire rendered her almost invisible in the darkness. Had he not been looking for some one, in fact, Patsy would not have seen her—a tall, slim figure hugging the trunk of a large tree some eighty feet from the detective, and on the opposite side of the street.

She was bending with sinuous grace around the gnarled trunk, obviously aiming to avoid observation, and was gazing intently toward one of the dwellings in the near distance.

"Gee, she don't look good to me!" thought Patsy, after watching her for several minutes. "She's got something on her mind, all right, and is taking mighty good care not to be seen. What in thunder is she looking at? There seems to be no one else in the street. She—by Jove, she is gazing toward that part of it near which Nick should have arrived.

"She may know something about this tar-and-feather job, if the chief has sized it up correctly. I reckon I'd better keep an eye on her until——"

A move by the woman broke Patsy's train of thought. She glanced sharply around, evidently making sure that there was no one to observe her, and then hastened away in the opposite direction to that in which she was gazing.

Patsy crept out of the front yard in which he had been crouching and stealthily followed her.

The woman in black turned a near corner, hastened through a long street leading into town, and toward a more desirable residential section of it.

Ten minutes later she turned another corner—with Patsy some fifty yards behind her, this being as near as he had deemed it discreet to venture.

In half as many seconds, nevertheless, Patsy arrived at the same corner, around which he gazed—with needless caution.

The woman in black had disappeared. In no direction was there any sign of her. The broad street, flanked on each side with attractive dwellings, was entirely deserted, and there was no light in any of the near houses.

Patsy waited and watched, hoping to see a light suddenly appear in one of them, denoting that the woman had entered it, but he waited and watched in vain.

"Gee, that's what I call being given a quick slip!" he muttered. "Can she have seen me in spite of my caution? Did she suspect that she was being shadowed? Has she hidden in one of these yards, or behind some tree?"

Patsy sauntered in the direction she had taken, with his eyes and ears alert, but he looked and listened vainly.

The woman in black had vanished as if the earth had swallowed her.

Patsy glanced at his watch.

"After eleven," he muttered, a bit disgustedly. "The chief will not have waited for me. It's no cinch, either, that I could find my way back. I'll hike to the Stag Hotel, instead, where he has engaged rooms. He should have arrived there by this time, unless he rounded up that feathered biped. I'm not so sure, after all, that it was not an overgrown rooster, or a stray ostrich."

Ten minutes brought Patsy to the central business section of the city, near which the Stag Hotel was situated. In that locality, even, the streets were taking on the customary quietude of midnight.

The shops and barrooms were closed. Bibulous owls had gone home to sleep off their numberless potations. Bodies of parading strikers had dispersed for the night. The tumult and turbulence of the early evening had entirely subsided. One would have said that the city was at peace, that there was nothing doing.

Patsy entered the hotel and consulted the register. He found the fictitious names that Nick had temporarily adopted for his party, and the number of the commodious suite assigned them. He went up at once and found Nick and Chick smoking in the parlor, with Danny sound asleep on a couch.

"Well, well, where have you been?" questioned Nick, when Patsy entered. "Give an account of your doings."

"That may be quickly done, chief," replied Patsy, laughing.

"Well, out with it."

"I have been trailing a woman in black—so black that I lost sight of her in the darkness."

"A woman in black, eh? Explain."

Patsy did so with very few words, but they brought a more serious expression to Nick Carter's face. He informed Patsy of his own doings and discoveries, adding thoughtfully:

"There may be more to that dastardly job than appears on the surface. The woman was, you think, gazing toward the dwellings I had approached."

"Sure thing, chief, as well as I could judge," said Patsy. "She certainly was looking in that direction."

"She may know something about the affair, Nick," Chick suggested.

"That is what I suspect. Could you see her face, Patsy?"

"No, chief, not even indistinctly. She was closely veiled."

"You could not identify her, then?"

"Not reliably," Patsy admitted. "I might recognize her figure, however, if I were to see her again. She is quite tall, slender, and graceful. One of the willowy kind, chief, I should say."

"Evidently a young woman, then?"

"Sure. That appeared in her quick and energetic steps," said Patsy confidently. "I would wager that she isn't over thirty."

"Well, well, we may know more of her later," said Nick, knocking the ashes from his cigar. "I have a hunch to that effect."

"Aren't you going to notify Caleb Garside of our arrival?" Chick inquired.

"Not to-night. It is after twelve, and he probably is asleep and snoring loud enough to drown the tinkle of a telephone bell. We will wait until morning."

"Do you know precisely what he requires of us?"

"Only what he stated in that last letter, in which he made for our services an offer I could not consistently turn down," said Nick. "He wants us to ferret out, if possible, the firebugs suspected of having burned one of the company stables. He hopes we may be able to head off further violence, moreover, of which there have been repeated threats."

"Head off violence, eh?" said Chick, with a grimace. "That doesn't appeal very strongly to me. It's more in our line, Nick, to hunt down the perpetrators of violence."

"Gee, that's right, too!" put in Patsy.

"An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," said Nick philosophically.

"That may be, chief," Patsy allowed. "But I don't take much stock in that prevention gag. I'm no good at it."

"You may be agreeably disappointed, Patsy, if you really are looking for trouble," said Nick, with prophetic intuition. "Caleb Garside is a man of great wealth, long experience, and sound judgment. He would not have summoned us here without good and sufficient reasons. There may be more doing than you anticipate."

"Mebbe so, chief."

"I will telephone to him in the morning."

Nick did so immediately after breakfast, from which he arose at eight o'clock. He had some little difficulty in getting Garside's residence, the line being busy, but he at length succeeded in obtaining connection with Caleb Garside himself, by far the wealthiest and most autocratic citizen of Bradford.

The arbitrary nature of the man appeared in his impetuous response to the detective's remarks.

"The elder Mr. Garside—yes, that's right," said Nick. "I thought I would call you up in good season. This is Nick Carter talking. I am at the Stag Hotel. Arrived late last night with my assistants."

"Stag Hotel! That's a fine place for you! Good season be hanged!" came over the wire in tones that threatened to melt it.

"What's the trouble?" said Nick, a bit coldly.

"Trouble enough! The safe in my main office was blown open last night and robbed of eighty thousand dollars, our semimonthly pay-roll funds. The watchman was brutally murdered. His body was found outside only ten minutes ago. The police are on their way to begin an investigation. Go down, Carter, and wait for me. Go down there at once and get in your work. Stag Hotel, indeed! I have just been notified of the crime. I'll join you as soon as possible. I am just out of bed. Go down there at once, and——"

"All right," Nick curtly interrupted, and hung up the receiver.

He sauntered out of the telephone booth and rejoined Chick and Patsy in the hotel office, where he quickly informed them of what he had heard.

"Gee whiz! We're in right, chief, after all," declared Patsy, with eyes lighting. "This looks like something doing, for fair. Shall I direct Danny to bring around the touring car? Aren't you going at once to the scene of the crime, as Garside directed?"

"As Garside directed, eh?" echoed Nick, with an ominous gleam in his eyes. "No, Patsy, not immediately."

"But——"

"There aren't any 'buts,' Patsy," Nick interrupted, thoughtfully rubbing his chin. "I shall not go until the spirit moves me."

Chick Carter laughed.

"Come up to our suite and we'll smoke a cigar," Nick dryly added. "If there is any waiting to be done—let Mr. Caleb Garside wait for me."

As a matter of fact, however, Nick did not intend to long defer his departure. He delayed only to determine what steps would serve him to the best advantage. He soon decided to send Patsy in search of the gang guilty of having tarred and feathered Henry Fernald, and to Chick assigned the task of looking up the habits of Tom Garside and his relations with the foreman's pretty daughter.

Nick suspected, as may be inferred, that there might be some connection between the two crimes, even though only a remote one.

## CHAPTER III.

### CONFLICTING CLEWS.

The plant of the Garside Manufacturing Company, Limited, resembled those to be found in many other American cities and towns. It was in some respects very superior. For the character of the industry required no unsightly buildings, no huge shops begrimed with smoke and dirt, no vast yards filled with raw material.

Mr. Caleb Garside had always taken pride in the appearance of his plant, which had grown, by degrees, to vast proportions, until it covered several acres in a southern outskirt of the town, and employed nearly a third of its laboring population.

The several buildings occupied by its various departments were situated in attractive grounds, adorned with numerous shade trees and abutting on a macadam street.

The handsome stone edifice containing the offices, the advertising and clerical part of the extensive business was somewhat removed from the others, with a strip of lawn in front, and back of it a well-trimmed park that merged into the belt of woods flanking that outskirt of the town.

Soon after half past seven that morning, two clerks in the employ of the company, whose daily duty it was to open the office and prepare it for business, approached the rear of the building from a road skirting the woods, and from which diverged a path through the park mentioned.

Upon coming nearer, heading for a rear door which they were accustomed to enter, they discovered on the ground the body of a man employed as a night watchman outside of the building, one Martin Brady.

A glance at his prostrate figure convinced the two clerks that Brady had been brutally murdered. One side of his skull had been crushed with a heavy bludgeon, or a

weapon of some kind. His face and garments were covered with blood, as well as the gravel walk on which he was lying.

The first impulse of the horrified clerks was to enter the building and telephone to Caleb Garside and the police. They then discovered that the rear door was unlocked, and, upon entering the main office they found that the large steel safe, said to have been burglar proof, had been blown open and robbed.

These facts the clerks immediately telephoned to Caleb Garside, who, in turn, notified the police just before Nick Carter communicated with him.

Ten minutes later the local chief of police, Captain Grimshaw, appeared upon the scene with half a dozen policemen.

Ten more minutes brought other clerks, and found the street in the immediate locality thronged with shocked and excited people, held in check by the police, and prevented from intruding upon the grounds surrounding the office building.

Such were the conditions soon after half past eight, when an elderly man of refined and inoffensive aspect, not in the least suggestive of a famous detective, made his way through the throng on the sidewalk and attempted to pass the policeman stationed at a walk leading to the front door of the building.

"You cannot go in, sir," said the officer, checking him. "Only persons employed here are admitted this morning."

"Quite properly," said Nick, a bit dryly. "But I am employed here."

"Ah, that's different," said the policeman, stepping aside. "Has Mr. Garside arrived?"

"Not yet."

"Neither of them?"

"No, sir."

"Nearly an hour since the murder was discovered," thought Nick, as he proceeded up the walk. "Time enough, surely, for one of them to have showed up. Where is young Garside, I wonder?"

As he expected, Nick found the elaborately furnished office in disorder and confusion. Half a dozen clerks were gathered near the looted safe, all looking pale and awed while discussing the burglary and the tragic fate of the night watchman.

"It's a pity Nick Carter isn't in town," one of them was saying when the detective entered.

"Mr. Garside was expecting him yesterday," said another.

"He would be worth a dozen Captain Grimshaws. He will cut no ice in a case of this kind."

"Captain Grimshaw will do his best. No man can do more," interposed another, who turned at the same moment and saw the elderly stranger who had just entered.

He was a well-built man, nearly as erect and compact as the detective himself, and about the same age. He was very dark, however, with piercing black eyes and wavy hair, while his lower features were partly hidden by a flowing black mustache and a short beard, trimmed to a point.

He at once left the group near the safe and approached the detective, regarding him a bit sharply, while Nick blandly observed:

"I understand that Mr. Garside has not come in yet."

"No, not yet, Mr.——"

"Paulding," supplemented Nick readily. "I will wait for him. You appear to have had a disaster here, Mr.——"

"My name is Hartley," said the other. "I am the head bookkeeper. We have had a burglary, Mr. Paulding, and a murder."

"Murder!" Nick echoed, as if surprised. "That's bad, very bad. Who is the victim?"

"Martin Brady."

"Employed here?"

"Yes. That is to say, he was a night watchman on the grounds of our plant. He had a regular beat, covering all of the property. Poor devil, he has tramped it for the last time!"

"Are his assailants known, or suspected?"

"I don't think so."

"The burglars murdered him, didn't they?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so, but they are not known. You asked me whether they were known, or suspected," said Hartley, a bit bluntly.

"True," Nick suavely allowed; then, tersely: "Yeggmen, perhaps."

"Possibly, though I don't think so."

"No?"

"It looks much more probable to me, Mr. Paulding, that a gang of the strikers did it, seeking both money and revenge. That's how I size it up," Hartley added, with an assurance well calculated to be convincing.

"Strikers, eh?" said he tentatively.

"Exactly."

"Could strikers have done such a job?"

"Why not?" questioned Hartley curtly.

"It requires experience and a knowledge of explosives to blow open such a safe as that," said Nick. "Besides ——"

"Nonsense!" Hartley interrupted. "Many of our men are mechanics and experienced in the use of drills. They could have drilled the safe and inserted the explosive. That would have been child's play for some of our men who are out on this strike. There is, in my opinion, nothing else to it."

"But these tools look like a genuine burglar's outfit?" Nick objected, pointing to the various articles left on the soiled and oil-stained floor.

"Admitting that, even, I still stick to my opinion," Hartley insisted. "Some of the strikers could have obtained these tools. They did so, I'll wager, and took advantage of the existing circumstances to rob the company. You can bank on that."

"You may be right, Mr. Hartley, after all," said Nick, apparently quite convinced.

He had seen at a glance, nevertheless, that the work was that of professional cracksmen, and that at least one old hand at the business must have directed the work. This should have appeared obvious even to a novice, moreover, which led Nick to wonder why Hartley, who looked like a keen, intelligent man, felt so sure that it was the work of a gang of strikers.

"He must be prejudiced and wants to fix this crime on them," thought Nick, as Hartley turned away to speak to one of the clerks. "Either that, by Jove, or he is not as keen and knowing as he looks."

None opposing him, nor appearing to have any interest in his doings, Nick made a closer inspection of the safe. Part of the heavy door was lying on the floor, to which it had been hurled by the violence of the explosion. It

lay amid metal shavings, fragments of broken drills, several jimmies, wrenches, and other tools that the crooks had not delayed to collect and remove.

Moving so as to bring the light upon it from various angles, Nick soon found what he then was chiefly seeking.

On the polished surface, near one corner of the safe, where some one evidently had grasped the corner to obtain a purchase while working on the door, was the mark of a man's left hand. The oil and perspiration on it had left a perfectly plain imprint when seen in the right light.

Nick saw at a glance that it was a broad, muscular hand, obviously that of a stocky, powerful man. A single telltale feature of it, however, chiefly impressed him.

Two joints of the third finger were missing—a part of the hand, particularly the left hand, that is lost only rarely by accident, or amputated for any reason.

Though this discovery brought a sharper gleam to the detective's eyes, Nick did not linger to make a close inspection of the imprint. He walked through the office and into a corridor leading to the rear door of the building.

The door was open.

The voices of two young men, though then out of view of the detective, came faintly to Nick's ears. Their subdued tones, despite the vehemence with which one was speaking, led him to tiptoe nearer and listen.

"Rot! That's all punk!" said one, in whispered exclamations. "Don't be a fool, Ned, and don't make another such crack as that in the hearing of others. It would cost you your job, and it might put Tom in all wrong. He no more did this job than I did. He——"

"But I saw him coming from somewhere in this locality soon after ten o'clock. He was as pale as a ghost, too, and——"

"I don't care if he was. Your idea is absurd!"

"Besides, every one knows that Brady was dead set upon having Mollie Fernald. It didn't cut any ice with him that Tom Garside was his rival. He knew old Garside had set his heel upon Tom's affection for the girl, and Brady was the sort that gives way to no man. He felt himself good enough for Mollie, and I'm not so sure that Tom didn't go over the traces and——"

"Nonsense!"

"He has a streak of the old man in him, mind you, and sometimes goes hot-headed in an instant; I've seen him do it."

"I admit that he is quick and impulsive, but you had better——"

"Oh, I'll keep my trap closed, as you advise, but I'm not so sure I'm wrong. I never saw him with such a look on his face as it wore last night."

"Two of the clerks," thought Nick, pausing briefly after their whispered intercourse ended. "Things seem to be shaping up along conflicting lines. Fernald tarred and feathered last night, his daughter possibly involved in this affair, and Tom Garside apparently in the circle of suspicion. It may not prove easy to sift the wheat from the chaff. I'll have a look at Brady's body, and see what I can discover outside."

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE BRADFORD MAGNATE.

Nick Carter walked out into the sunlight and paused a few yards from the group of men then gathered near the body of the murdered watchman.

Doctor Page, the district coroner, was making an examination of the body.

Captain Grimshaw, the chief of police, stood watching him.

Two policemen were vainly scanning the gravel walk and the adjoining grounds in search of footprints, or any other evidence bearing upon this double crime of burglary and murder.

The two clerks overheard by Nick were leaning against the building, near the door from which he had emerged.

Half a score of men who had arrived before the police, and who had not since been ejected from the grounds, were standing in groups some yards away, talking in whispers and watching, with serious eyes, the proceedings of the physician.

Nick also waited and watched him.

"Are you quite sure, Doctor Page, as to the time?" Captain Grimshaw was asking. "I think you must be mistaken."

"I know my business, Grimshaw."

"About ten o'clock, you say?"

"Within an hour of that, one way or the other."

"And you are sure of it?"

"Reasonably sure. I feel perfectly safe, in fact, in asserting that he was not killed later than ten o'clock. His skull was fractured with a club of some kind, and there appears to have been no struggle. Why do you question my judgment as to the time?" added the physician, looking up.

Captain Grimshaw gazed at him with brows thoughtfully knit.

"Because," said he; "while assuming that Brady was killed by the burglars, ten o'clock seems an early hour for them to have ventured here to begin their work. Jobs of this kind are seldom done before midnight."

"That is true," Doctor Page admitted. "It has no weight with me, nevertheless, in this matter. This man was dead long before midnight."

"That beats me, then. I'll be hanged if I can fathom it," Captain Grimshaw declared, with a growl. "It seems utterly improbable that a gang of yeggs would have begun their work at that early hour. If——"

Nick did not wait to hear what immediately followed. He walked out in the park, passing around several of the trees, intently scanning the ground on all sides and searching as vainly as the two policemen for evidence that might suggest, at least, what had really occurred back of the office building the previous night.

If any had existed earlier that morning, it now was obliterated by the many persons who had intruded upon the ground, and the thought, then, in Nick Carter's mind was expressed by one of the policemen when replying to Captain Grimshaw, who suddenly turned and shouted:

"What can you find, Kennedy? Have you discovered anything?"

"Find be hanged!" Kennedy cried back to him from where the park path joined the road skirting the woodland. "There is nothing to find, sir, not a smitch of evidence. I've been over every foot of the ground."

"Come back here, then," Grimshaw shouted. "Come and lend us a hand in moving the body to the——"

He was interrupted at that moment by the sudden appearance of Mr. Caleb Garside at the open door—a massive man of sixty-five, with strong, smoothly shaved features and aggressive gray eyes, a straight nose, and a broad, thin-lipped mouth, and whose close-cut gray hair gave him the look of a pugilist.

He was the type of man one meets only occasionally, a man who awed nearly all with whom he came in contact, chiefly because of his potent animal magnetism, his wealth, and his social position, and the arbitrary aggressiveness with which he was accustomed to rave and rule.

He flashed one fiery gleam on the scene outside, then out he came, as if the fate of the murdered watchman was of much less importance than his own personal interests. He stopped just outside, crying, in strident tones that fairly drowned the commands of the police chief:

"Lend you a hand, Grimshaw, indeed! Was it one of your bright lights who just said there is no evidence to be found here? Good heavens! What more evidence is wanted? Here is a veritable glut of evidence. A murder. A burglary. Eighty thousand dollars stolen. Zounds! What do you want? Where is the man who should be lending you a hand? Why isn't he here, getting in his work? I want him. I ordered him to come. Hasn't he arrived? Why isn't he here? What's the meaning of it?"

Mr. Caleb Garside stopped for want of breath and glared around, as if to challenge opposition, argument, or even a respectful answer.

"There is just one way to handle that man successfully," thought Nick, then pausing near a tree some thirty feet from the scene. "Throw him down and stamp on him."

The two clerks had edged nearer the door and suddenly vanished into the building.

Idle observers had fallen back several paces, and they were pretending to be unconcerned.

Doctor Page, though he really had finished his work, began again to inspect Brady's broken head.

Captain Grimshaw, even, though a burly blusterer elsewhere, was disconcerted and red around the ears. Being the man addressed, however, and having no sensible alternative but to reply, let his response evoke what further verbal flood it might, he pulled himself up and answered inquiringly:

"Another man, Mr. Garside? Who do you mean, sir?"

"Whom do I mean?" echoed the magnate derisively. "Whom do I mean, indeed! Whom do I mean? I mean Nick Carter, of course, who——"

"Nick Carter—is he in town?" Captain Grimshaw impulsively demanded, interrupting, while all hearers pricked up their ears with a manifest increase of interest.

"Very much in town," thought Nick, edging back of the tree and quickly removing his disguise, confident that no one in Bradford knew him even by sight.

"In town—to be sure he's in town," Caleb Garside blustered impatiently. "I talked with him by telephone this morning. Not only in town, Captain Grimshaw, but he ought to be here, ought to be looking into this matter, as I directed. Why isn't he here? For what have I hired him?"

"He has not been here, Mr. Garside."

"Where is my son, then? Where is Thomas?"

"Tom—I haven't seen him, either."

"Not seen him! Not seen him!" Garside angrily repeated. "Do you mean to assert, Grimshaw, that my son has not been here? He left home half an hour ahead of me. What's the meaning of this? Can I depend upon no one? Must I be at the helm every moment, every instant, that my affairs shall not be going to the bad? Where has he gone? Why is he not——"

"I think, sir, pardon me, that Tom is coming at this moment," interrupted Doctor Page, pointing. "Yes, that surely is he."

A tall, well-built man of twenty-five, unobserved until that moment, had left the woodland road and was hurrying up the path through the park.

He was a handsome fellow, with refined, clean-cut features, not as strong and resolute as those of his father, but much more attractive. He looked very pale and anxious, while beads of perspiration on his face and neck denoted that he had come in great haste from a considerable distance.

Nick Carter was the only observer who attached any special significance to the last. At the same moment, too, he caught sight of a man gazing from one of the back windows of the office, gazing not at the approaching man, nor at the score of people gathered near the building—but intently gazing at the detective himself.

"Humph!" Nick mentally ejaculated. "Hartley again, and with a very manifest interest in me. He may have seen me remove my disguise. That may explain it. By Jove, there's going to be friction here between father and son. The old man has blood in his eye, and the son evidently stands in awe of him, as does every one else. He's a bear, indeed, as Fernald said last night."

Nick was right, and his apprehension was reflected in the faces of all other observers. For Tom Garside scarce had arrived within twenty feet of the group near the body, over which one of the policemen had cast a covering, when Caleb Garside demanded, with augmented severity:

"Well, Thomas, what's the meaning of this? Where have you been?"

Tom Garside stopped short and drew himself up, wiping the perspiration from his pale face. An ominous glint in his eyes was observed only by the watching detective, such a gleam as appears only when one, seeing no sane alternative, seizes the bull by the horns under the spur of utter desperation.

"I was detained, sir," he replied firmly, meeting with outward composure his father's fiery gaze.

"Detained?" echoed the latter harshly.

"Yes, sir, detained."

"Detained where? Detained by what?"

"A business matter which——"

"Business matter! Is there any business matter more important than this?" Caleb Garside thundered. "Explain! Where have you been? You left home half an hour before me."

"I know that, sir, but——"

"Explain!" Caleb Garside sternly repeated. "What business——"

"It was purely a personal matter, sir, which——"

"Personal matter! What personal matter can you have that would detain you——"

"Stop a moment, sir," Tom interposed, with an ominous ring stealing into his manly voice. "This is neither the time nor place, father, for such an altercation. I shall make no further explanation till later. If you——"

"I insist upon knowing," Mr. Garside sternly cut in. "How dare you oppose me in this unfilial fashion? Tell me at once——"

"I shall not, sir."

"What?"

"I shall say no more about this matter. You may infer what you please, sir, or——"

"I will know the truth. Your actions, Thomas, indicate——"

Caleb Garside broke off abruptly, red with anger, but with his attention suddenly diverted by the face and figure of a girl who at that moment came hurriedly around a near corner of the building.

She was a fair, strikingly handsome girl of nineteen, with a graceful, finely rounded figure, clad in a blue skirt, a white shirt waist, and a dainty straw hat; a girl with regular features, soft brown eyes, and a wealth of wavy hair.

She was as pale at that moment, however, as if the hand of death had been laid upon her. She stopped short when her dilated eyes beheld the scene back of the building, while Caleb Garside's angry words still rang in her ears. She flashed one swift, expressive look at Tom Garside, then quickly drew back, as if to depart.

But Caleb Garside checked her in tones that seemed to turn her to stone for a moment.

"Stop! Wait!" he cried, turning toward her. "Why are you so pale, Miss Fernald? What do you want here? Why do you look like that? Speak!"

"Mollie Fernald, eh?" thought Nick. "This looks very much as if I must butt in."

The girl had pulled herself together, and a look of mingled defiance and relief had appeared in her brown eyes.

"How do I look, Mr. Garside, that you address me so harshly?" she asked firmly.

"You are as pale as a ghost."

"Is that strange, sir, in view of so terrible a crime?"

"No, nor is your answer explanatory," Mr. Garside sternly retorted. "What do you want here?"

"I am employed in your office, sir. Is it strange that I should come here?"

"It is strange that you came here, instead of entering the office."

"I came here to learn what had occurred."

"Any of the clerks could have told you. I don't like this. I don't like the expression you wore when you came around the corner. What do you know about this murder?"

"I know nothing about it, sir," said Mollie, with sudden girlish haughtiness. "Don't speak to me like that, sir. I will not permit it."

"Not permit it!" Caleb Garside answered sharply, while none presumed to interfere. "Nor will I permit you to defy me in this way. You shall tell me the truth——"

"I always speak the truth, sir," Mollie cut in proudly.

"I am not sure of it in this case," snapped Garside. "Your face appears to give your words the lie. Did you see Martin Brady last evening? Where were you at ten o'clock? Tell me at once, or you shall be arrested and compelled to disclose all that you know about these crimes."

"I know nothing about them, sir," Mollie firmly insisted.

"You——"

"Oh, I don't think it will be necessary to arrest this girl." Nick Carter had sauntered nearer, and he now put in his oar. "There would be nothing in that, Mr. Garside."

His quiet, yet impressive voice brought Caleb Garside around like a flash. He stared at Nick amazedly for a moment, as did all observers, and then he said sharply:

"Nothing in that, eh? What do you mean? What do you know about it?"

"Well, I happen to know that Miss Fernald was at home and abed at ten o'clock," said Nick, with an ominous drawl. "That answers one of the questions you asked her."

"And you can, perhaps, answer all of my questions?"

"Possibly."

"Oh, indeed!" sneered the irate magnate. "Who are you, then, that you presume to interfere. What business have you here? Why——"

"Your business," said Nick, interrupting a bit curtly.

"My business?"

"Your business, sir, pure and simple. I am the detective now in your employ—Nick Carter, of New York."

"Nick Carter—you!"

"The same, sir. Furthermore, this girl is not going to be arrested, nor questioned further about matters of which she evidently is ignorant. If she——"

"Wait!" frothed Garside. "How dare you to dictate to me in this fashion? Am I to direct this business, or are you?"

"I am."

"But——"

"There is only one alternative," Nick cried sternly, now striding nearer the choleric magnate, and emphasizing his assertions with a very energetic forefinger. "What you say in Bradford and to Bradford people, Mr. Caleb Garside, evidently goes. None of it, however, cuts any ice with me. I let no man dictate to me after I have taken on his business. It then becomes mine, to be directed as I think best. That's what I am hired for, which answers another of your questions. Now, sir, don't hand out any objections, nor any argument, or I'll wash my hands of your business. I repeat—this girl is not going to be arrested, or even questioned. What I say is going to go, or I'm going. What do you say now, Mr. Garside?"

The thunderstruck spectators expected a volcanic outburst from the man so severely called down. Not one of them could even remember anything like it. But Mr. Caleb Garside had turned nearly as white as his immaculate linen. He looked abashed, nonplused, completely staggered. His jaw quivered perceptibly while he stared amazedly at Nick, speechless for a moment, and then he suddenly blurted and faltered, in apologetic tones:

"Why, really—really, Mr. Carter, I shall not insist—no, no, certainly not, if you oppose it. I want you to investigate these crimes—yes, yes, of course. But I did not know you were here. I may have been wrong. Your experience in such matters constrains me. I shall not oppose any steps that you advise, nor——"

"Very good! That settles it, Mr. Garside," Nick quickly

answered, with an approving gesture. "I will at once take charge of the case; entire charge, sir."

"That is what I wish, precisely what I——"

"I understand that you, Doctor Page, are the district coroner." Nick had turned sharp on his heel, as if there had been no interruption. "Have this body removed immediately and take such steps as the law of your State require. Clear these grounds of intruders, Captain Grimshaw, and station officers to prevent their return."

"I will, sir," cried Grimshaw readily.

"As for you, Mr. Garside, let your business begin as usual, and leave this criminal investigation entirely to me," Nick commanded. "I know what should be done, and I will lose no time in doing it. I already have inspected your safe and the work of the burglars. That's all, sir, at present. You shall hear from me later."

Nick had heard a moment before, in fact, a shrill, distant whistle which he immediately recognized, and knew to be a signal from Patsy Garvan. It told him as plainly as words that Patsy had something to report.

## CHAPTER V.

### BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

Patsy Garvan was nothing if not keen and clever. Assigned the uncertain task of finding out by whom Henry Fernald had been tarred and feathered the previous night, Patsy did not try to accomplish it by mingling among strikers then trooping the streets, or to be found in the neighborhood of the Garside plant, with a view to possibly picking up from their conversation a clew to the culprits.

"It's no dead open-and-shut cinch that strikers did it, for all Fernald thinks so," Patsy reasoned, starting out alone from the hotel after Nick and Chick had departed. "It's a copper-riveted cinch, on the other hand, that a gang of ruffians did it. Most likely, too, they are a bunch of boose fighters, who may be found drenching their tonsils while discussing their rascally job this morning. It's the gin mills for mine. Such a job cannot be done, moreover, without soiling one's hands or clothing. I'll go on a still hunt for a thug with tar next to his nails. I'll nail him, too, if I find him."

Patsy found him.

He had visited eight barrooms, gradually working down to the water front and into the lowest precincts of the city, when he entered one, in which, though it was then but little after eight o'clock, quite a crowd of rounders had gathered for eye openers and bracers for their laborious idleness during the long spring day.

One of them had already a feather edge on, and was happily singing that he was "to be queen of the May," which drew Patsy's attention to the group.

They were gathered around a large bare table, adorned with schooners as high as lighthouses above its sloppy surface, and garnished with miserable little plates of doubly miserable viands, above which they stood like lofty beacons, with frothy warnings against eating too much and drinking too little.

One man among them was better dressed than the others, was quite fashionably clad, in fact, a thing which Patsy quickly noticed; also, that he was standing with his hands spread upon the table, while he listened to the impressive adjurations of one many less seas over than the bibulous singer.

Patsy noted, too, that on an edge of one of the sleeves of this neatly clad incongruity, for he appeared out of place among the others, were several small black spots that appeared to be—tar.

Patsy confronted the bar. The three fingers of red liquor which he ordered he deftly disposed of without pouring it down his red lane, and all the while he was watching the gang at the table by means of a mirror beyond a dress parade of tall bottles and decanters back of the bar, and listened, with strained ears, after the first of the subjoined intercourse reached his ears.

"It's up to you, Cooney, and it can't be done too soon," a pimply nosed Hercules was saying to the Beau Brummel of the group. "It's up to you to see the skirt, Bill, and relieve her of the lambs' tongues."

"Bill Cooney, eh?" thought Patsy. "Cooney by name and coon by nature. Indirectly suggestive of craft and cunning."

"That can be done, Marlow, all right," replied the said Cooney. "I've got a date with her this morning. She'll come across with the long green. You can bank on that."

"The boys are itching to finger it, Bill," vouchsafed Marlow, with a significant glance at his half dozen companions.

"They'll get it—get it inside of an hour," Cooney assured him.

"What if she thinks we didn't make good?"

"She'll not think that. She'll take my word."

"What if she fears it won't have the effect she's looking for?" questioned Marlow. "Will she come down with the coin?"

"She'll not fear that," said Cooney. "She knows it will drive him from town. Wouldn't it drive any man into seeking a new stamping ground? He'll bolt, all right, after it leaks out."

"Fly, mebbe," grinned Marlow, with a significance instantly appreciated by Patsy.

"Mebbe so," said Cooney, laughing.

"But what's the skirt's game?" Marlow questioned. "I'll be hanged if I'm wise to it. Why has she got it in for the man?"

"It's not the man," Cooney said, with his voice lowered a little, yet plainly heard by Patsy, who had edged nearer the group. "She's out to get rid of the girl. She wants her out of her way. She aims to drive both out of town."

"The Fernald girl, with whom Tom Garside is in love—by Jove, I see the scheme," thought Patsy. "These ruffians were hired for the job by some other woman, who is in love with Garside. The woman in black, too, as sure as I'm a foot high. Now, by gad, to find out who she is and where she hangs out."

The talk at the table subsided. Two of the rascals had arisen, and Bill Cooney was on the verge of departing. He lingered only to say significantly:

"We had better quit this joint. I'll meet you again in Reddy's back room after I have seen her ladyship. I then will have the wad, all right, and we'll whack up. I'll show around there in about an hour."

Patsy did not wait to hear more. He preceded Cooney from the barroom, lest pursuit might arouse suspicion, and a few moments later he picked up the man when he turned a near corner.

Bill Cooney did not take a conveyanec of any kind.

He walked rapidly to a south section of the city, scarce half a mile from the Garside plant, and entered a park abutting on several attractive residential streets, where he took a seat in one corner with the obvious intention of waiting for some one.

Patsy found concealment back of some shrubbery, within easy view of his quarry. There could be but one significance to all he had seen and heard—a rendezvous.

Cooney had not long to wait. Scarce five minutes had passed, when, turning a near corner, a tall, well-dressed woman crossed the street and entered the park, hastening to join the man, and sitting down beside him.

"Gee, there's nothing to it!" thought Patsy, the moment he saw her. "She was the woman in black, all right, and it wasn't far from here that I lost track of her."

There was, indeed, no mistaking her tall, graceful figure. She glanced sharply around after seating herself, and, evidently convinced that there was no observer, she raised her polka-dotted veil, and Patsy saw her face distinctly.

It was that of a woman of thirty, a pronounced brunette, with raven-black hair and eyes like great pools of somber light. Though of dark complexion, also, it was of that pallid purity sometimes seen in women of her type, a skin as smooth and velvety as the petal of a white rose.

Her features were regular, with a low, broad brow, a straight nose, a thin, finely curved mouth, and a square chin. It was a strong face, as well as an attractive one, though it denoted vast reserve forces and a nature capable of bitter passion and heartless resentment, if seriously crossed.

"She's a peach, all right," thought Patsy, gazing at her through some parted twigs. "I'd rather have her for a friend than a foe, all the same, judging from the gleam now in her black eyes. Gee! she's cut deep over something."

There was no misinterpreting the expression on the woman's face. No sign of a smile appeared on it while she talked with Cooney, only an intent, threatening look, that spoke louder than her words—none of which could be heard by Patsy.

He watched the couple for about ten minutes, however, and saw the woman give Cooney a roll of bank notes, while he appeared to consent to some further service that she required, for he nodded approvingly while she was talking.

Both then arose to go, both in the direction from which they had come, and as they were parting, Patsy heard Cooney say assuringly:

"That's all right, Miss Madden. You leave it to me."

The woman did not reply, save with a nod of approval, and she then drew down her veil and hastened away.

Bill Cooney retraced his steps toward the lower section of the city.

Patsy decided to let the woman go, and shadow the man. He had trailed Cooney only a few blocks from the park, however, when he discovered Chick crossing a street, and heading for the Garside plant.

"Gee, that's lucky!" thought Patsy. "I'll put him wise and see what he thinks of it."

A whistle drew Chick's attention, and a sign from Patsy warned him to be cautious. He responded with a covert gesture, and presently overtook Patsy and joined him. While both followed Cooney, Patsy stated as briefly as possible all that he had seen and heard.

Chick promptly decided what should be done.

"I was on my way to the Garside plant to mix in with the strikers," said he. "You go, instead, and leave Cooney to me."

"To you?"

"Yes. You may have been noticed in the barroom, and might be recalled and suspected, if seen later by any of his gang. They have not seen me, however, and I'll contrive to find out what's doing."

"What about the woman? One of us might get after her," suggested Patsy.

"Never mind her at present," Chick objected. "She probably has returned home, having given Cooney her instructions. The rascal evidently has been hired by her for further deviltry."

"That's how I size it up."

"I'll block his game and hers, however, after learning of what it consists," Chick added. "In the meantime, you hunt up Nick and tell him the whole business. It may dovetail with something that he has learned by this time, and he will decide what is to be done next."

"I've got you," said Patsy. "I'll inform him on the quiet."

"Do so. Go at once and leave Cooney to me."

Patsy needed no further bidding. He walked rapidly away, and ten minutes later arrived among the throng of people in the street near the Garside office building.

Instead of making himself known to any of the policemen and undertaking to join Nick, he sought a point from which he could view the scene back of the building.

He had arrived just as Nick was "calling down" Mr. Caleb Garside, and Patsy at once signaled him with a whistle.

He knew that it was heard, for he detected a slight responsive gesture by Nick, and presently saw him striding around the building and heading for the front street.

Patsy kept an eye on him, followed him several blocks from the scene, and he then found Nick awaiting him around a corner.

## CHAPTER VI.

### NICK CARTER'S SUSPICION.

Nick Carter told Patsy Garvan what he had discovered and done, and Patsy, in turn informed the detective what he had seen and overheard.

This exchange of information took place in the corridor of a large building near which they had met, and it required less than ten minutes.

"I thought I had better put you wise," said Patsy, after all had been told.

"I'm glad you did," Nick replied. "I think I can use it to advantage."

"What do you suspect? Was Brady killed by the burglars?"

"It appears so, though I am not convinced of it."

"If not—by whom?"

"That's the question," said Nick. "If Doctor Page is right as to the hour, I agree with Chief Grimshaw in that ten o'clock was remarkably early for yeggs to have set to work."

"Gee, I should say so!" Patsy agreed.

"There is, I feel sure, something back of it."

"Do you think yeggs did the job?"

"I know, Patsy, that one yegg had a hand in it," said

Nick. "I know, too, that his left hand has an amputated third finger."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Patsy, with eyes lighting. "Not Michael Riley—not three-fingered Mike?"

"That's the man."

"Whose handprint you found on the safe?"

"The same," said Nick confidently. "I know that Riley is at large, and I thought the job looked like his work the moment I set eyes on it. He is one of the best cracksmen in the business."

"That's right, chief, for fair," said Patsy. "But he could not have turned the trick alone. He must have had confederates, or, at least, one assistant."

"I am inclined to think, Patsy, that he had only one."

"Why so?"

"Because Hartley, the head bookkeeper, while not dreaming I was a detective, appeared very anxious to impress me with an idea that a gang of strikers committed these crimes," Nick pointedly explained. "I argued that it was improbable, but he still insisted upon it. I think he wanted me to spread that information, to create a general impression that strikers did the job."

"That would be a natural move, chief, for a man anxious to divert suspicion from himself," observed Patsy.

"Exactly."

"Do you suspect him of that?"

"I recognize the possibility."

"For any other reason?"

"Yes, one other. Because I saw him watching me at a time, too, when matters of much greater interest should have claimed his attention."

"Gee! there may be something in that," said Patsy.

"There certainly is enough to warrant keeping an eye on him," said Nick. "The Garside plant closes at noon to-day, which is customary on Saturday, and Hartley may leave even earlier than that. I want you to be on hand to shadow him this afternoon and evening."

"I will deliver the goods, chief, all right."

"I may be wrong, mind you, but I think I am right," Nick added. "If I am, Hartley may rejoin Riley and tell him just how matters stand. You must be governed by circumstances."

"I shall know what to do, chief," replied Patsy. "Trust me for that."

"And that, Patsy, is all I shall require of you," said Nick. "I have seen and heard enough to convince me that Tom Garside was on the scene of the crime at some hour last evening, and it is quite possible that he may be suspected of the murder, at least, because of rivalry said to have existed between him and Brady. With the information you have supplied, I think I can force him to tell me the truth, or provide me with facts that may enable me to dig it out elsewhere."

"Are you going back to the plant?"

"Yes, immediately."

"Shall I go with you?"

"After me," said Nick. "I don't want you to be seen with me."

"I understand."

"Follow me a little later, therefore, and report to me at the hotel after two o'clock, if there should be any occasion."

"I've got you, chief," declared Patsy. "Enough said."

Nick departed with a nod of approval, and again started for the scene of the crime. When about a block away, he saw Caleb Garside riding homeward in a touring car, looking neither to right nor left, but with an expression of flinty severity on his set, white face.

"Humph!" Nick mentally ejaculated, "Like father like son, in some respects. It's dollars to doughnuts that the son finally has defied the father. Good on his head! It's time he did, unless I am much mistaken."

It was eleven o'clock when Nick approached the Garside building. Brady's body had been removed to an undertaker's establishment. Captain Grimshaw had departed, leaving several officers to carry out the detective's instructions. Most of the strikers who had thronged the street had dispersed in the direction of the company shops, many of them looking for further trouble.

As Nick was mounting the steps to enter the building, he heard Hartley's voice in the corridor, and he paused to listen.

"You are making a mistake, an egregious blunder, Mollie," he was forcibly saying. "We all have to put up with old Mr. Garside's peppery tongue. He don't mean half what he says. He is all right at heart. You are really making a mistake in leaving his employ."

"I shall suffer the consequences, then," replied Mollie decidedly. "I appreciate your kindness in wishing me to remain here, Mr. Hartley, but nothing you can say will alter my determination to leave."

"I cannot persuade you, then?"

"No, sir. It will be useless for you to try any longer."

"Very well, then, since you will be so headstrong."

"Good morning, Mr. Hartley."

Hartley did not reply, but Nick heard him slam the office door.

"Why is he set upon having her remain?" he asked himself. "What can he derive from it? If he were in love with her, or with any other aspirant to—by Jove, there may be something in that." Nick broke off abruptly, hit with a sudden idea just as Mollie came out on the steps.

She drew back as if startled, and Nick said quickly, smiling:

"Going to leave, are you? I happened to overhear what you just said. Well, I don't blame you."

"None can reasonably blame me, sir," replied Mollie, collecting herself.

"True," Nick allowed.

"But before going, sir, I would like to thank you for taking my part this morning," said Mollie, approaching and extending her hand. "That was very good of you, sir."

"Nonsense!" said Nick, still smiling. "Would any huntsman see the wolf devour Little Red Ridinghood? Why does Mr. Hartley want you to remain here?"

"Well, sir, I really don't know," said Mollie, blushing.

"Cannot even guess, can you?"

"No, sir."

"You know as little about it, in fact, as about what Caleb Garside questioned you," said Nick, with a quizzical squint. "Am I right?"

"Yes, sir, you are."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing, sir," said Mollie, now quite pale.

"Very good," Nick replied, still gazing oddly at her. "You stick to that, Mollie, no matter who questions you. That's what you are going to do, isn't it?"

The girl appeared frightened for a moment, then pulled herself together with an effort Nick was quick to detect.

"What else can I do, sir, knowing absolutely nothing about these crimes?" she demanded, with a gleam of defiance in her brown eyes.

"Nothing else, Mollie, of course," Nick heartily agreed. "So be very sure that you do nothing else. Keep that in mind, Mollie, while I am following the wolf's instructions and getting in my work."

Then he turned and left her, entering the building, where he learned from a clerk then passing through the corridor, that Tom Garside was in his private office on the second floor.

Nick went up at once—and entered without knocking.

## CHAPTER VII.

### DRIVEN TO THE WALL.

Nick Carter found Tom Garside seated at a roll-top desk, with his head bowed upon his hands. The young man started up when the detective unceremoniously entered, revealing a drawn, white face and eyes reflecting an anguish beyond words to express.

He instantly pulled himself together, however, rising and saying quickly, with a forced smile:

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Carter? I was not expecting a visit from you."

"No?"

"I thought you had gone downtown. I am indescribably horrified by all that has occurred. It is terrible—terrible!"

"Yes, so 'tis," said Nick pleasantly. "Sit down again, Mr. Garside. I want to talk with you."

"With me?"

"Yes," Nick replied, drawing up a chair. "I am fortunate in finding you alone. You didn't meet with any success this morning, did you?"

"Success?" questioned Tom, staring at him apprehensively. "What do you mean? Success in what?"

"That little business matter mentioned to your father," replied the detective.

"No—no, I did not," Tom faltered, with lips twitching. "None whatever."

"You failed to find her, eh?" queried Nick, with steadfast scrutiny.

"Find her?" Garside echoed. "What do you mean, Mr. Carter? Find whom?"

"Mollie Fernald, of course," said Nick. "Whom else could I mean?"

"Nonsense! See here, Carter, why are you——"

"Oh, I do see, Tom, and see quite plainly," Nick interrupted familiarly. "There is nothing to it. You went in search of Mollie Fernald the moment you heard of this murder. You wanted to intercept her when she was coming from home, but you missed her."

"No, no, you are wrong. You——"

"Don't deny it, Tom, but hear me out and be guided by my advice," Nick interrupted. "That was the direction from which you came, and I suspected it from the first. My suspicion was clinched when the girl appeared upon the scene and flashed one warning look at you, followed by a reticence equal to your own, when your father questioned her. He got only a vague impression in his stirred-up old head, but I sized up the situation on the instant. That is why I muzzled him so harshly before he fully grasped it."

"What are you saying, Mr. Carter?" Tom now asked firmly, though his ghastly paleness betrayed the terrible feelings he was holding in check. "Do you mean to assert that——"

"I mean just what I say," Nick again interrupted. "I am telling you just what occurred and just why I muzzled your father. You mustn't let him ride over you rough shod. He does it from force of habit, rather than any real inclination to be hard and overbearing. I can see that in him more plainly than others can. It was very plucky in the girl, too, to stand by you so loyally. I admire a plucky girl, particularly one as bright and pretty as Mollie Fernald. You must stand by her hereafter, Tom, as she now is standing by you."

"See here, Carter——"

"Oh, I'm coming to the point," Nick cut in again. "Let's get down to rock bottom, you and I, and see what we can make of this mess. Let's meet it face to face. There is nothing for you, Tom, in trying to dodge it. I know that both you and Mollie Fernald were out back here last evening, or there could have been no such situation and circumstances as those of this morning. Give it to me straight, Tom. Did you kill Brady when you hit him—or only think you did?"

Tom Garside had sat listening like a man bereft of speech. The last vestige of color had left his cheeks. His face wore a look of agony beyond verbal description. His hands were rigidly clenched, as if to hold himself in check; but the direct question that finally came from the detective seemed to deprive the agonized young man of his last ounce of strength.

He sank back with a groan in his swivel chair, covering his face with his hands and replying hoarsely:

"Oh, you are right, you are right—there is nothing to it. Yes, I did it—I killed him, Carter! The confession has been on my lips for hours, but I could not speak it, could not make it. God help me! You are right—there is nothing to it."

"On the contrary," Nick quickly protested; "there is a good deal to it. I am not here to arrest you, Tom Garside, nor to put you in irons. I am here only to hear what you can tell me. I feel far from sure that you are not laboring under a tremendous mistake."

Coming from one less famous for his discernment and deductive genius, such a declaration would have fallen flat. Coming from Nick Carter, however, it brought Tom Garside bolt upright in his chair again, inspired with a hope of which he had not even dreamed until that moment.

"Mistake—tremendous mistake!" he echoed, gazing wide-eyed at Nick.

"Yes, a mistake."

"For God's sake, Carter, don't hand me anything like that unless you have grounds for it. Mistake—how could that be?"

"That is precisely what I wish to find out," Nick replied. "And the only way I can accomplish it, Tom, is through getting the whole truth from you, in so far as you can tell it. I have reasons, very serious reasons, for thinking you are mistaken."

"My God, can it be possible?" gasped Garside.

"I think so."

"The whole truth, then—yes, yes, I will tell you everything, Carter, everything!" Tom cried impulsively.

"Good!" Nick exclaimed. "Let's get down to cases, then. At what time were you around here last evening, and why?"

"I came here about nine o'clock," Tom hastened to explain.

"For what?"

"Though Brady has been in our employ about three years, and was considered entirely reliable, his enmity for me because of my love for Mollie Fernald, to which he also had the audacity to aspire, has recently led me to suspect that he might turn traitor and wink at violence by these strikers."

"I see," Nick nodded.

"I came here last evening, therefore, to see for myself," Tom continued. "Mollie knew that I was coming, and she consented to join me. All of our meetings have had to be clandestine because of my father's bitter opposition. We met, as agreed, and I was standing with her near the back of the building about ten o'clock, when Brady suddenly appeared around a corner of it."

"What followed?"

"The moment he saw us, Carter, he made so infamous a remark that it turned my blood to fire," Garside went on feelingly. "I had a heavy cane, which I had brought for protection, and I felled him to the ground with it."

"H'm, I see."

"The scene frightened Mollie, and she fled through the park. I followed her at once as far as the woodland road, where I overtook and tried to reassure her. She thought I had killed the man. Looking up, however, I saw the figure of a man moving back of the building."

"Brady?"

"I supposed it was Brady, of course, and that he was not seriously hurt," said Garside. "I did not return to ascertain, therefore, but accompanied Mollie home, and then I went home myself. When informed this morning of the murder, however, I felt equally sure that I must have been mistaken, that I had seen no moving figure; or, if I had, that Brady had been able to rise only for a moment, and that he had then dropped to the ground again and expired."

"A natural inference, perhaps, under the circumstances," commented Nick. "Continue, Tom, and tell me the whole business."

"I supposed, of course, that I was guilty of the murder, and that the burglary was afterward committed," Garside earnestly proceeded. "I followed my first mad impulse. Instead of coming here, as my father had directed, I undertook to find Mollie and warn her not to betray me, not to reveal what had occurred last night. I missed her, as you have inferred, and——"

"And that covers the ground completely, Garside, in so far as you know what really did occur?" questioned Nick, interrupting.

"Yes, Carter, on my word," Garside earnestly declared.

"I believe you, Tom."

"You do—you really do?"

"Yes, every word."

"Thank God for that!" Garside fervently exclaimed, seizing the detective's hand. "If you can pull me out of this—my God, Carter, I don't know what I would not do for you."

"I'm going to try," Nick replied. "Belief, however, is not sufficient. We must solve the problem and put the guilt where it belongs. Answer a few questions for me."

"Gladly. Ask them."

"Do you know a woman named Madden?"

"Yes," Tom quickly admitted, with a look of surprise.

"Who is she?"

"Her name is Viola Madden, though she is more generally called Lola Madden. She lives on Laurel Avenue, number eighteen."

"A brunette?"

"Yes, very dark and very handsome and accomplished," said Tom, with a tinge of color appearing in his cheeks. "She lives alone, and she has a moderate income."

"How long have you known her?"

"About two years."

"Have you been friendly with her?"

"Why, yes, to be perfectly frank, Carter, I used to call on her quite frequently," Garside admitted. "I rather fancied her, in fact, until I met and fell in love with Mollie. That was three months ago. Since then I have seen Lola Madden only occasionally."

"Did you ever propose to the woman, or think of doing so?" Nick inquired.

"Yes, yes, I thought of it, but that is as near as I ever came to it," said Tom, coloring again. "I discovered, Carter, that her character was not all that it should be."

"H'm, I see!" said Nick. "She entertains other admirers?"

"Yes."

"Are you acquainted with any of them, any who is particularly fond of her?"

"Only one."

"Who?"

"I think Jimmie Hartley, our head bookkeeper, would sacrifice a hand for her," said Garside. "But she, I understand, doesn't care for him, though she frequently lets him call on her."

Nick heard this without a change of countenance.

"Where does Hartley live?" he asked.

"He has a suite in the Stanley."

"Does he live alone?"

"Yes."

"He's a square chap, isn't he?"

"Yes, indeed, for all I know," said Garside readily. "He has been in our employ for two years. He is faithful and capable."

"Do you know a man named Bill Cooney?"

"No."

"Or one named Marlow?"

"I do not."

Nick gazed at the floor for several seconds, then looked up and said abruptly, giving Garside a surprise:

"That's all, Tom."

"But——"

"I mean all at present, of course," Nick added quickly. "You must, however, follow my instructions. Say nothing about this interview, nor one word about what occurred last night. Conduct yourself precisely as if you were not seriously involved in this affair. I'm going to try to pull you out of it."

"If you do——"

"Cut out your thanks until I have accomplished it," Nick interrupted, rising. "Do only what I have directed, nothing more."

"Trust me, I will not."

"Very good! I will relieve you of your suspense as soon as possible. You shall hear from me surely tomorrow."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### PAVING THE WAY.

Nick Carter left the Garside building immediately after his interview with Tom Garside—and he left the latter with a brighter light in his eyes and a great hope born in his heavy heart.

Nick easily discovered Patsy Garvan outside, watching and waiting at a point out of view from the office windows; and he paused only to give him a few additional instructions, the nature of which will presently appear.

Nick then went to the Stag Hotel and lunched alone.

It was after two o'clock when he finished the meal, and all the while he was deep in thought, reviewing all of the evidence and circumstances bearing upon the case, putting this and that together, patching here and there with deductions and reasonable inferences, until he finally felt sure that he saw his way clearly, and that he could successfully carry out the remarkable project he then had in view.

Leaving the hotel about half past two, Nick proceeded on foot to the Stanley, a walk of nearly ten minutes.

It was a large, brick apartment house, at one corner of which the detective paused long enough to make sure that Patsy was not in that locality.

"The coast evidently is clear," he said to himself. "There being no sign of Patsy, Hartley must still be absent. I'll lose no time in getting what I require."

Nick moved on and sauntered into the public hall of the house.

The coast was not as clear, however, as he had reasonably inferred. As Nick left the corner on which he had briefly lingered, a man at a window on the third floor of the house drew back from the lace draperies through which he had been gazing, and through which he had incidentally discovered the detective.

He was a stocky, muscular man of forty, hard-featured, and with piercing gray eyes, gleaming desperately at that moment; a man who had a reputation, such as it was—and only three fingers on his left hand.

He drew back with a muttered oath, adding, with a suppressed mingling of fear and ferocity:

"Carter—Nick Carter himself! Is he coming here? Is he after me, or only after Hartley? What can he have learned as quickly as this? Jimmie would not have squealed, surely not! By Heaven, if he is after me—he shall get all that's coming to him!"

This man, Michael Riley, of course, darted across the room and entered an adjoining bedroom. Drawing a revolver from his pocket, he dropped flat on the floor and rolled under the bed, lying low at a point well out of view from any part of the room.

"Get him—that's what!" he muttered desperately. "He shall get his—but never get me!"

Nick examined the office register and easily learned the location of Hartley's suite. He pretended that he was looking for nobody in particular, and, after a few moments, he sauntered into an adjoining corridor and hastened, unobserved, to the door of Hartley's suite.

There he paused and listened.

Not a sound came from within.

Nick did not expect to hear anything, in fact, unless a chambermaid happened to be in the suite. That it afforded temporary concealment for the notorious yeggman mentioned to Patsy that morning did not even occur to the detective.

Nick opened the door with a skeleton key and entered.

The yeggman under the bed held his breath, waiting and watching, revolver in hand.

Nick paused in the parlor and gazed around. One of the first things that caught his eye was something he wanted—a recent photograph of Hartley, on an easel on the mantel.

Nick took it from the easel, studied it for a few seconds, then thrust it into his pocket and hid the easel back of a chair.

Three-fingered Riley peered out, saw him—and wondered.

Nick then sent a chill down the yeggman's spine by entering the bedroom, but he did not even glance under the bed.

Instead, Nick opened the door of a wardrobe closet and selected a plaid suit, a pattern one would readily recall if they had once seen it. He folded it carefully, then took from a bureau drawer a figured shirt and a necktie, and a scarfpin from a tray on the chiffonier.

Making as small a bundle as possible of this partial outfit, Nick left other things precisely as he had found them. He listened at the door for a moment, with the bundle of garments under his arm, then quickly stole out and departed.

Riley breathed freely again. He replaced the revolver in his pocket. He crept from under the bed—and the gleam in his narrow eyes denoted that he had a vague suspicion of the detective's designs.

Nick Carter returned to his suite in the Stag Hotel about four o'clock.

From one of the suit cases brought from New York, he removed a make-up box filled with every conceivable requirement, and placed it on a dressing table. He then stood Hartley's photograph against the base of the mirror and raised the window curtains to admit all the light he could obtain.

Having removed his own outside garments, Nick then seated himself in front of the mirror and set to work.

Soon after six o'clock that evening, a man sauntered through the hotel office and nodded to the clerk.

The clerk responded with a smile, remarking familiarly:

"Hello, Hartley, how are you? I did not see you come in."

"You were not looking," was the reply.

"I guess that's right, or I must have seen you," replied the clerk.

"And I guess since I passed muster in daylight, that I may make good by lamplight," thought Nick, as he sauntered out to the street.

He was a counterfeit presentiment of the man whose garments he then was wearing—the head bookkeeper of the Garside Company.

Soon after seven o'clock, just as daylight was turning to dusk, Nick walked through Laurel Avenue and approached an attractive wooden house somewhat back from the street, with a lawn adorned with flower beds and shrubbery on both sides of it.

It was the second house from the corner around which Patsy Garvan had lost sight of the woman in black.

Nick sized up the house while approaching it. He had selected a time when he would be least likely to incur

detection, the twilight before curtains are drawn and lamps lighted.

In no direction was there any sign of Patsy—hence, no possibility that Hartley was in that locality.

Nick saw there was no light in the house. He was taking a chance that the woman was not absent, and it proved to be well taken.

For, while walking into the front yard and approaching the door, he caught sight of Lola Madden's dark face at one of the side windows, from which she hurriedly glanced upon hearing his footsteps on the gravel walk.

"That's lucky, too," thought Nick. "Knowing who rings, or thinking she knows, she will scan me less sharply at the door."

Nick did not have to ring, however, for Viola Madden opened the door while he was ascending the steps.

She greeted him with a smile, so odd a one that Nick was quick to notice it, as well as with a subtle gleam deep down in her intense black eyes.

"Why, hello, Jimmie!" she exclaimed familiarly. "Come in. What sent you here at this early hour? You seldom come before eight, or nine."

"I had an errand in the next street, Lola, and thought I'd drop around here," replied Nick, entering, and perfectly imitating Hartley's voice.

"I'm glad you did."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes. I know you are glad of that, Jimmie, without your saying so," laughed Lola, with a covert glance, but without a shadow of suspicion. "Come into the library. I'll light the lamp and——"

"Defer lighting the lamp, Lola, while twilight lasts," Nick put in. "I enjoy the evening dusk. It's the finest time of day."

"Just as you like, Jimmie. Sit down."

It was a delicate subterfuge that Nick had undertaken, impelled to it by his keen analysis of all of the evidence and circumstances in connection with the case, as well of the apparent relations between them. He was led to it, too, by his perception of the vast advantage that might be derived from a successful impersonation of the man who aspired to the love and hand of this woman.

None could appreciate more keenly than Nick Carter, however, the delicate nature of the situation, in which a slip of the tongue, or the slightest betrayal of ignorance on his part, might precipitate an exposure and the utter failure of his designs.

Nick had planned with caution for the interview, however, and he lost no time in getting down to business that would, he reasoned, best serve his purpose. He seated himself with his back to one of the windows, that the waning light might fall, not on his face, but on that of the woman, and he saw plainly that she suspected nothing.

"Thanks, Lola," said he, responding to her invitation. "I suppose you have heard the news."

"About the burglary, Jimmie—and the murder?" she added, with her heavy brows drooping slightly.

Nick settled into the part he was playing and eyed her a bit sharply.

She gazed back at him, but with no change of expression.

"Yes," said Nick tentatively.

"To be sure, Jimmie, I have heard about it," replied Lola. "Who has not?"

"Very few, indeed, as you imply. It's a bad mess, Lola."

"Very bad. I agree with you."

"What do you think about it?" asked Nick.

"I? Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"No more than others think, I suppose," said Lola, with steadfast gaze. "I am awaiting developments."

"I have heard that Tom Garside is likely to be suspected of the murder."

"Is that so?"

"Quite likely."

"Why?"

"Because of Brady's persistent attentions to Mollie Fernald," said Nick. "Tom is said to have bitterly resented them. He was seen, too, in that locality last night."

"Seen by whom?" Lola quickly demanded.

"By one of the clerks."

"Oh!"

"Just as I suspected. She also saw him," thought Nick; then, aloud: "That's what I have heard, at least, and it is hinted that Garside may be arrested on suspicion."

"That would be too bad for him, Jimmie, wouldn't it?" questioned Lola, setting back in her chair again with a curious curve of her red lips.

"Very bad, Lola."

"Yes, so it would," she drawled, with more sinister gaze. "Did you come here this evening, Jimmie, only to tell me this?"

"Well, no, not entirely," said Nick.

"What else?"

"I thought you might be willing to discuss our relations, Lola, and——"

"Our relations!"

"Yes. You know where you stand in my heart, and ——"

"Wait! Stop right there, Jimmie," she sharply interrupted, frowning darkly. "That straw has been threshed to shreds. There's nothing in it for you. You know that I care nothing for you, except as a friend."

"You might do worse than——"

"Than marry you?"

"Yes."

"Not much worse, Jimmie," said the woman, with a significance that almost clinched Nick's suspicions. "I'll not even consider it, Jimmie."

"I wouldn't say that," replied Nick, in more sinister tones. "You may decide to change your mind."

Lola Madden gazed at him with a quick flame of resentment leaping up in her eyes.

"Change my mind, eh?" she sneered.

"Yes, change it."

"What do you mean by that, Jimmie? Why do you say that, and say it in that threatening way?"

"Because——"

"Wait!" snapped Lola, starting up. "It's growing dark. I'll light the lamp. Wait till I have it lighted."

Nick Carter drew back a little from the handsome lamp on the library table, that the glare from under its broad shade might not fall full on his face. He felt—and rightly felt—that the crucial moment of the master move he was making was swiftly approaching.

## CHAPTER IX.

### INTO THE NET.

The dusk outside was rapidly deepening into darkness when Lola Madden, abruptly checking the detective, arose and lighted the library lamp, then partly lowered the shade at each window.

She did not observe that her visitor had slightly changed his position, and she did not detect anything unusual in his appearance. Her mind was too intent upon his last somewhat sinister remarks, and her own dark face wore an ominous expression when she seated herself near the table, where the light from the lamp fell brightly on it.

"Now, Jimmie, what do you mean?" she repeated, a bit curtly. "Why did you say I might change my mind?"

"Because of what occurred last night," replied Nick.

"The murder——"

"I don't mean the murder."

"What do you mean, then? Out with it."

"Something else that occurred last night, and in which —you figured."

"I figured?"

"You know what I mean, Lola," Nick insisted quietly, yet with a sinister satisfaction well in accord with the part he was artfully playing. "You know what happened to Henry Fernald."

"What was that?"

"He was tarred and feathered by a gang of thugs."

"Tarred and feathered?"

"Yes."

"Suppose he was? What is that to me?"

"Much!" said Nick. "It would not sound very good for you, Lola, if the truth were to be published. That job was done—at your instigation."

Though Lola Madden had turned very pale, her thin, dark face showed no sign of fear of the man she supposed was speaking. Nick saw that his threats did not alarm her, and he drew her correct conclusion. Her mingling of contempt and a resentment she briefly held in check, however, were plainly manifest in the cruel curve of her red lips and the fire in her frowning eyes.

"Done at my instigation, was it?" she replied icily. "Why do you think so, Jimmie?"

"I don't think at all," said Nick. "I know it was."

"How did you learn so much?"

"What matters how? It's good enough for me, Lola, that I know it."

"Know what?"

"The whole business."

"Tell me what you mean, Jimmie, just what you mean," said Lola, with ominous composure.

"Oh, there is nothing to it, Lola, that I have not discovered," replied Nick, with irritating assurance.

"Tell me!"

"I know all about it, from A to Z. You want to be rid of Mollie Fernald, to get her out of your way, so that you can lure Tom Garside into becoming your lover again. You want him to marry you, and you think you could bring it about, if Mollie Fernald were hundreds of miles from Bradford."

I do, eh?"

"That's precisely it," said Nick. "You took a dying chance, therefore, to so humiliate her father that he would leave town and take the girl with him. You hired Bill Cooney to do the job, to tar and feather Fernald, with the help of a gang in his employ. You reasoned that Fernald would feel so badly over it, after it became known, that he would go West, or to some remote point, and leave the field clear for you. That was your game, Lola, and there's nothing for you in denying it. I know all about it."

"How did you learn so much?" Lola coldly repeated.

"That's neither here nor there."

"You will not inform me?"

"Not at present."

"But you intend to use all this as a lever to coerce me into yielding to your wishes, into becoming your wife," said the woman slowly. "Is that it? Is that really why you called on me this evening?"

"Coerce is a harsh word, Lola," Nick replied, with a covert leer designed to further anger her. "You know how badly it would sound for you, if I were to disclose your foul trickery. It would disg.ace you eternally. You must reconsider your refusal."

"Must, eh?"

"What else can you consistently do?" Nick demanded. "You must avert this disgraceful exposure. You must see, surely, just where you stand. You——"

"But you don't see where you stand, Jimmie Hartley," Lola Madden now interrupted, suddenly leaning forward in her chair.

"Where I stand?" questioned Nick, already convinced of what was coming.

"Yes, where you stand—where you stand!"

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" hissed the woman, with a quick outburst of pent passion. "Why, you rat! You miserable snake! You came here to threaten me, did you? You think Tom Garside is suspected of murder, do you? Why, you cur, you worse than cur! I have not words to tell you how I despise you—you and your threats."

"Lola!" gasped Nick, pretending to be alarmed.

"That's right—shrink and cringe!" she went on, with unbridled fury. "Well you may, you dog! I'll tell you where you stand. I'll very soon tell you where you stand. If Tom Garside is arrested for that murder—it will be I who will save him."

"You——"

"I—yes!" she fiercely interrupted. "I will save him."

"You mean——"

"I saw him leaving home last night, and I followed him. I saw him meet Mollie Fernald and I followed both. I saw them while back of the Garside building. I watched them from behind a tree. I saw Tom Garside strike Brady to the ground, then leave him to follow the fleeing girl. They did not return—but another came! I saw——"

"Oh, my God! You——"

"That's right—cringe and weaken like a cur!" Lola fairly screamed in her malevolent resentment. "I saw you steal around a corner of the building. You knew what had occurred. You thought you might win me, if Garside were out of your way. I know—I know! I saw you finish the work he had begun. I saw you when Brady started to rise, beat out his brains with your revolver. I hold the lever, Jimmie Hartley, if any one holds it. It was you who killed Brady—I saw you! I know you did it! I——"

"I'm very glad to know it, also, and——"

Nick Carter had started up, casting further subterfuge

to the winds, and he began speaking in his own forceful, resonant tones. He had obtained all the information he required. By a master move of detective genius he had clinched his every suspicion, lured this woman into the net he had spread, and evoked from her all that was needed to complete the work engaging him.

He scarce had begun to speak, however, when a cry from the hall interrupted him. It was instantly followed by responsive growls, the rush of many feet, all toward the open door of the library.

Nick sprang up and drew his revolver.

Lola Madden saw the weapon and uttered a shriek.

The cause of this unexpected interruption must be told in few and simple words.

Though Nick had left instructions with Patsy to make sure that Hartley did not go to see Lola Madden that day, Patsy had no part in restraining him, nor in keeping an eye on his movements, until early that evening. For Caleb Garside returned to his office before noon, and, despite that it was a half holiday, he kept his head bookkeeper at work till after six o'clock.

In the meantime, however, Patsy discovered that another man was watching the building, lurking here and there with others in the street, and evidently waiting for some one. He identified him almost immediately—Michael Riley, the cracksman.

Patsy quickly reasoned, too, that Riley must be waiting for Hartley, and the conclusion reached by the young detective was confirmed soon after six o'clock, when the latter came out and joined him.

The two men met on a corner, where they held an earnest conference for several minutes, while their faces plainly indicated to Patsy that they both were alarmed, and that a desperate project of some kind was being framed up.

As a matter of fact, when informed of what Riley had seen in Hartley's apartments, the latter had quickly suspected Nick Carter's design.

They did not care to tackle Nick without assistance, however, and they at once started in search of a friend of Hartley—none other than Bill Cooney.

Patsy shadowed them until they rounded up both Cooney and Marlow in a barroom, both of whom readily consented to lend the desired aid.

While plans were being laid to secure Nick, if found in Lola Madden's home, however, Patsy picked up Chick Carter, who still had Cooney under espionage.

Both decided to follow the four men and learn of what their designs consisted.

Half past seven brought them to Lola's residence, where, stealthily gazing into the library, they saw the scene that then was near its culmination, and heard enough to convince them that the cat was out of the bag.

Rendered doubly desperate, they stole around to a back door and noiselessly entered the house, arriving in the hall just as Nick was about to declare himself, but for the cry he heard—a cry from Hartley.

"Get him, fellows! It's him—or us!"

Then came the rush of feet, the shriek from Lola Madden, and in another moment the four men were crowding into the library, weapons in hand.

They expected opposition in front of them, but had no thought of it from behind.

Chick and Patsy, however, were close upon their heels.

Nick met the ruffians with a command that rang like a trumpet-toned knell in their ears.

"Stand back! I'll drop the first man who lifts a weapon!"

They shrank for an instant from his leveled revolver. Then Hartley roared, with an oath:

"We can shoot as well as you! Get him, boys, or——"

He got no further with his frantic cry.

The butt of Chick Carter's revolver fell squarely on the back of his head, dropping him as if he had been struck by lightning.

Then Chick and Patsy, both close behind the other three ruffians, forced them almost headlong into the room, with blows that completely staggered them, and finally laid Riley, also, senseless upon the floor.

Cooney and Marlow then cried for mercy, but they received it only in the form of handcuffs securely fastened on their wrists.

It was all over in less than a minute, and the four men were ironed and ready for the wagon, while Lola Madden sat, half fainting, in a chair to which she had fallen.

Not until then did she realize how she had been duped, that the disgrace she would have put upon another had recoiled upon herself, and that her stay in Bradford must end at the earliest possible moment.

Nick felt that he had no great case against her, and he did not arrest her, and it was learned, the following morning, that she had bolted for parts unknown.

Nick's case against all of the others, however, was easily proved. In Hartley's suite was found the money stolen from the Garside safe, that having been deemed the best place of concealment for it, as well as for Riley, Hartley having felt sure that he would not even be suspected. It appeared later that he had entered into the crime and framed it up with Riley, with whom he long had been acquainted, in order to obtain a fortune that would appeal to the woman by whom his head had been turned. Both he and Riley suffered the extreme penalty for their crimes, a life sentence for each.

Cooney, Marlow, and the others who had assaulted Henry Fernald were properly punished, and the latter became more a hero, than one humiliated by his bitter experience.

The gratitude of Tom Garside and Mollie could not find expression in words, and even Caleb Garside's autocratic heart was so touched by the girl's conduct and loyalty to Tom, as well as by the peril the latter had so narrowly escaped, that he voluntarily suggested that the devoted couple had better be married, after all. The suggestion was enough, quite enough, and the deed was done the following June.

Nick Carter was more than glad to hear of it. Though unable to attend the marriage ceremony, to which he was invited with all of his assistants, he sent the happy couple a costly wedding gift.

THE END.

Nick thought that that ended his relations with all concerned in the case, but there was one whom he did not take into account. He had not heard the last of Lola Madden. His further relations with her are told in a story that you will find in the next issue of this weekly, No. 104, out September 4th. The story is entitled "The Gargoni Girdle; or, Nick Carter's Quick Round-up."

# The Weapons of Women.

By J. KENILWORTH EGERTON.

## CHAPTER I.

For several weeks our life in Paris had been a quiet and uneventful one, for my friend Mr. Thomas Williams, the artist whose studio apartment on the Boulevard St. Germain I shared, had been devoting himself closely to his profession, and I had found sufficient and congenial occupation in studying the language and people of the world's most fascinating city.

Tommy's circle of acquaintances was a large one, for he was a man of many interests outside of his chosen profession; but he was too busy to have many intimate friends. Le Garde, the chief of the French secret police, had, through a curious chain of circumstances, apparently become one of that small number, and was a daily visitor to the studio, where he appreciatively smoked our smuggled Egyptians without asking their origin, and held long discussions with my friend as he worked at his easel.

I realized, however, that they were attracted to one another because each regarded the other as an interesting study, and when I mentioned this conclusion to Tommy, he laughingly acknowledged that, so far as he was concerned, at least, it was correct. We were dining at Voisin's, and he made a comprehensive gesture which included all of the guests at the adjoining tables.

"And why not?" he asked, half seriously. "We are not dining here entirely for the sake of the excellent food, for we could have as good or better at home with far less trouble, and, incidentally, at far less expense. It is the companionship of our fellows which we crave; the possibility that some one of the many people we encounter casually may possess an interest—which they usually don't. We are told that the proper study of mankind is man, a proposition which a Frenchman would probably modify by substituting *la femme*, and, for instance, any man with eyes in his head would be glad to make a study of our fair countrywoman who is dining with her father at the second table there."

"It is apparently a simple problem, for you have already reached two very definite conclusions regarding her," I answered banteringly, and Tommy laughed.

"That she is an American and that her escort stands in the paternal relationship—yes, they are simple enough," he answered good-naturedly. "If you take the trouble to look at her dress and hat you will be quickly convinced that she is our countrywoman. I think that you will acknowledge that she is the best-dressed woman in the room, which is definite proof that she is not English. On the other hand, it is not her dress which would first attract your attention, and it is only when you come to analyze her that you find how perfect it is—an equally positive indication that she is not French; for ladies of that nationality make you conscious every minute that their clothes are to be admired. Now add to that that Voisin himself, who labors under the delusion that he speaks English, is trying to help the old boy in ordering his dinner, and it clinches the nationality. My boy, your powers of observation and deduction are wool-gathering unless you can follow such plain indications."

"We'll grant that she's American—and I'm proud of it—but I can't see any resemblance between her face and his ugly mug, which denotes blood relationship," I answered.

Tommy shrugged his shoulders. "No, and yet if there is anything in the law of averages, it leads to another conclusion; that her mother must have been a mighty good-looking woman," he said. "It isn't a question of resemblance, but of their attitude toward each other. He hasn't at all the manner of the old Lothario, and he's trying to get his dinner served and eaten as if it were a necessary duty to be gone through with. He isn't searching the bill of fare for delicacies to tempt her appetite and there is none of the solicitude to please and entertain her which would be evident if the relationship were not one which precludes uncertainty. The girl's remarkably taper finger is not encircled by a wedding ring, so it leaves but one possible conclusion open."

"And I should say made it an absolute certainty that you will get your head punched for impertinence," I said warningly, for Tommy had become so interested in demonstrating his theory that he had dropped all pretense of examining the menu and was staring at the young woman in open and wide-eyed admiration.

"I imagine that she's accustomed to admiration, and a man who attempted to assault every one who admires such a beautiful companion would lead a strenuous life," he protested. "That girl, in face and figure, realizes the ideal of the old Greek sculptors, and no one has a right to take exception if the eye of an artist appreciates it."

Tommy's admiration was truly justified by fact, for never had a more beautiful creature come in our range of vision. Her clear pink-and-white complexion accentuated the rouge and powder which was liberally used by most of the other women in the great restaurant, and her mass of golden-reddish hair, parted and simply dressed in smooth rolls at the side and gathered into a large knot at the back of her neck, made the elaborate coiffure of the others seem doubly artificial. Her profile was classic in line and proportion; the shapely head gracefully poised on a perfectly proportioned neck and shoulders. I noticed, when they entered, that she was remarkably graceful.

Tommy, in turn, recalled me from unconscious rudeness in staring at her by remarking that I was the next delegate for chastisement if the older man who accompanied her took exception to open admiration, and I acknowledged the fault, but likewise pleaded justification.

"I am only sorry that this may be our last chance to study her," he said regretfully. "The old boy is of the nervous temperament which can never be satisfied with a place for longer than the time required to see the lions, and I'll wager that he's already homesick for the click of the ticker. I'd give a nice red apple to know 'em."

The opportunity offered a moment later. The man, who had fidgeted through several courses, protested when his bill was presented to him; and Voisin, whose English at the best was erratic, became helpless with excitement. The guest, flushing angrily at some supposed imposition, raised his voice and his words were plainly audible.

"Confound you and your explanations!" he exclaimed. "If you could understand United States, I'd waste my time telling you what I think of you; but I'm blamed if I'll pay for what I haven't had. I never even saw 'em on the bill of fare, and I certainly didn't see 'em on the table, and won't pay for 'em."

The girl sat back in her chair with an amused smile on her face; this sort of thing was apparently an old story to her and had ceased to embarrass her, while Voisin looked about helplessly; but seeing Tommy, begged him to come over and explain to monsieur that he was not a robber.

"All right; I'm glad that there's some one here who can tell 'em for me what I think of 'em," said the American when Tommy asked if he might be of service. "I take it you're an American; so am I; my name's Fanshawe and I hail from Chicago. Just look at that bill; I'm not kicking on the charges, although they are double what I'd have to pay at the Auditorium during a presidential convention; but I'm not giving up more than ten per cent on plain robbery without a holler."

"Perhaps it is all a misunderstanding," suggested Tommy, as he glanced over the check. "I dine here frequently and I find them very fair in their charges."

"Do, please, Mr. Williams, convince papa to be reasonable," said the girl, smiling. "He has these rows nearly every night and he is always wrong."

"But I'm all right this trip, and don't you forget it," fumed Fanshawe. "Two crame de laytoo, that's all right; that's that green soup; two tornadoes—those were the beef tenderloins, I reckon. Those other things; the vegetables, salad, and ices are all right, too; and the bottle of fizz; but I never ordered any *couverts*—I don't even know what they look like, and I'll be hanged if I'll pay for them."

It took Tommy some time to convince the irate Chicagoan that those two items included the table charge for bread, butter, and napkins, which is entirely customary, and he finally paid the account, and, as an acknowledgment of Tommy's service, invited us to go with them to the Café de la Paix for coffee and liqueurs, an invitation which Tommy was quick to accept for both of us.

The altercation had attracted the attention of every one in the restaurant; but the girl was not one whit embarrassed at being the cynosure of all eyes as we made our way to the door; and accepted complacently the open admiration of the boulevardiers who stared as they passed the table where we sat outside of the café.

"You see, the trouble is that papa absolutely refuses to learn French," she explained laughingly, after Tommy had saved chance of possible further complication by giving the order for the coffee himself. "He says that it would just be waste of time, because the whole world is bound to speak English sooner or later, and he raves at these people who don't understand a word he is talking about, and we are in constant hot water."

Fanshawe nodded assent and his expression challenged contradiction.

"Confound 'em, they keep me hot under the collar all the time," he said irritably. "No one on this side of the pond seems to realize that time is money, and it's like pulling teeth for 'em to hustle. If I'd spent my time learning all the fool languages it would have been necessary for me to speak in traveling since we struck the Continent, we wouldn't be here; for I'd be working for some one at ten dollars per and you'd be pounding a typewriter and making your own dresses, instead of spending your spare time and cash at Paquins. They've got to do it and it would save 'em time and money if they'd get a hustle on and learn to speak a civilized language right now."

Fanshawe was of the not uncommon type of American to whom European travel means only one continuous protest; a grumble at the luggage system, a resigned tolerance of the legalized robbery of tipping, and an all-comprising criticism of any and everything differing from the accustomed luxury and conveniences of their own country. Under ordinary circumstances we should have avoided him, but the attraction of the girl was overpowering; and inside of ten minutes we were suggesting excursions and amusements which implied being much in his company.

With the breezy frankness of the West, he soon told us about himself; the enviable position in the financial world to which he had risen from a humble beginning, his house on Michigan Avenue, which he referred to as a "mansion," and of the bank of which he was president.

"Old Doc Burton made me cut loose for a while, though," he concluded regretfully. "Told me I'd have bats in my belfry or something of that kind if I didn't take a few months off, try a rest cure and lead the simple life; so I brought Jo along and we've been doing about twenty churches and a hundred miles of paintings a day. Maybe it would be restful if these geezers didn't keep me scrapping all the time; but I think it's twice as hard work as engineering a corner in wheat or organizing a steel trust. Hello—say, boys, there's some one I want to speak to. Just look after Jo for a minute, will you?"

Without waiting for a reply, he jumped up and rushed along the boulevard, and Tommy raised his eyebrows a trifle as we saw that the object of his pursuit was a woman; for the members of the fair sex who pass the Café de la Paix, unescorted at night, are not usually recognized by a man who is in the company of a lady.

"You mustn't mind papa," said the girl, laughing. "He does the most dreadfully improper things from the best of motives and in perfect ignorance. Last night he was going to take me to a place they call the Moulin Rouge, and when the hotel porter told him it would be improper, he fussed and fumed for an hour. I suppose that the woman who just passed and whom he has run after is some very improper person; but she understands English, and that would be a guaranty of character to him over here. She traveled in the same compartment with us from Trieste to Venice and listened patiently while papa explained how much better everything was in America and how much money he thought he could make if he could get a concession to substitute electric launches for the gondolas on the Grand Canal."

"And did you converse with her, too?" asked Tommy, looking at her curiously.

The girl laughed. "My dear Mr. Williams, after being with us for ten minutes haven't you discovered that no one but himself does any conversing in his company?" she asked. "I suppose that it is a symptom of his very nervous condition; for he was not such a chatterbox at home; and it offers the explanation for his running after that woman. We met her again just as we were leaving for Paris, and she was greatly upset because she had missed some one who had promised to convey some valuable papers here for her. He talked so incessantly in offering his services and telling her how glad an American always was of any opportunity to serve a lady that he got the address where he was to deliver them all mixed up, and

when we arrived here, he found that there was no such street in Paris as the one he thought she mentioned. Consequently, he could not deliver them, and he has been dreadfully worried for fear she would think he had stolen them. I suppose that that is why he left us so abruptly and ran after her; imposing upon your good nature by leaving me in your charge."

Tommy made the obvious reply, concluding with the wish that his absence might be prolonged; a wish which was to be fulfilled in a manner he had not bargained for. Miss Josephine Fanshawe was as charming to talk to as she was good to look at, for she had a keen sense of humor, in which her father was woefully lacking, and was exceptionally well informed; so that time passed rapidly.

But after an hour had passed with no sign of his return, she began to be distrait and to watch the people strolling past uneasily. She said nothing about his prolonged absence, however, until another hour had gone by, and then Tommy volunteered to search for him.

"I'll look in at the American bars around the corner; he has probably met some old friend and has been ungallant enough to forget you in his eagerness for home news," he said reassuringly; but the girl shook her head.

"That wouldn't be a bit like him—he has me terribly on his mind over here," she said doubtfully. "You don't think anything could have happened to him, do you?"

"Nothing very serious, surely; unless he has been arrested for trying to convince a gendarme that a Chicago policeman with a nightstick could put him and his sword out of business," he said, smiling, but his kindly meant banter could not banish the expression of apprehension from the girl's beautiful eyes.

"Do, please go; and hurry back, won't you?" she said appealingly, and Tommy quickly obeyed.

He returned alone, telling his cabman to wait, and answered her anxious questioning with a negative gesture.

"Don't be worried, though, Miss Fanshawe; he'll turn up, all right, and the chances are that we'll find him at your hotel. Just wait until I leave word for him to go there in case he should return here, and then we'll take you home. Where are you stopping?"

"At the Ritz," she answered; and when he had spoken for a moment with the head waiter, we drove rapidly to that hotel.

The concierge had not seen monsieur return—no; but it was quite possible that he was in his apartment—should he send to inquire? Miss Fanshawe brushed past him and motioned for us to follow.

"The elevator is a constant irritation to papa; it goes so slowly," she said, as we were sedately hoisted to the fourth floor. "He always runs up the stairs, so it's of no use questioning the boy about him."

A moment later she gave an exclamation of relief as she saw the light shining through the partly opened door of their sitting room; but it was succeeded by a cry of alarm when we entered and saw the condition of the apartment. The sitting room and their respective bedrooms, which opened into it, had been thoroughly ransacked and the desk and bureau drawers broken open; the locks of every piece of luggage forced. Fanshawe's clothing was scattered all over the room, his trunks had been turned out, and the fact that the searchers had cut through the leather of his traveling bag instead of taking time to force the lock, indicated that their work had been hurried.

Miss Fanshawe's room was even more upset, or else the frills of feminine apparel made it appear to be, for everything was in confusion. Dresses aud smaller articles of feminine adornment were in rumpled heaps all over the place, and a half dozen trunks and hat boxes yawned empty with broken locks. The girl looked at the wreckage and confusion in amazement and then turned inquiringly to Tommy.

"We have evidently been robbed, but I don't care about that—I want to find papa," she said hurriedly.

Tommy walked to her dressing table and pointed to a heap of jewels of no mean value which had been turned out of her jewel box and lay in plain sight.

"This is not the work of ordinary thieves; they don't leave loot of this kind behind them, Miss Fanshawe," he said seriously. "If we knew who had done this, we could make a pretty close guess as to your father's whereabouts; for he has evidently been detained on some pretext to allow opportunity for your effects to be searched. I will help you to find him; but you, in turn, must help me by giving me all the information you can."

Josephine Fanshawe was an effective young woman. She was not of the temperament which indulges in hysterics, and she sat down quietly, evidently impressed by Tommy's words and confident that he could help her.

"First, tell me if you know of anything which your father had in his possession which it would be important for any one to take from him?" he asked, and the girl shook her head.

"I don't believe that he had," she answered. "The doctor was very strict in ordering him to forget business absolutely, and he was alarmed enough about himself to obey. I do not believe that he had a single thing of importance with him, for everything was left in charge of his partners or in his safe-deposit vault."

"But he might have picked up something over here—that packet of papers intrusted to him in Venice, for instance?"

"But, Mr. Williams, he was endeavoring to return those very papers to their owner when he ran away from us," she protested. "Why should any one go to all this trouble to obtain a thing which he was only too anxious to deliver?"

"He had the packet with him, then—it was small enough to carry in his pocket?" asked Tommy eagerly.

"Papa's pockets are very elastic; he always carries a lot of things in them; but that was about the limit," she answered. "It was a long and very fat envelope, fastened with tape and three large red seals."

"Tell me all about it, please; just what it looked like, where he carried it, and what steps he took to deliver it after you reached Paris," said Tommy earnestly.

"I told you how he happened to take it—to oblige that woman in Venice," she answered. "There was not a word of writing on the envelope, and she gave him no written address. Each of the seals was a coat of arms and cipher, and they were all different. We arrived in Paris three days ago, early in the morning, from Venice via the St. Gothard and Geneva. He is so nervous that little things worry him, as you noticed, and he started at once to deliver the packet. He spent the entire day trying to find the address, which he remembered as

one hundred and sixty-nine A Rue Hélène; but there is no such street in Paris."

"Wait a moment, there is an Impasse Hélène, on the right bank," interrupted Tommy, who knew the French capital as he did his pocket.

"Yes, we tried that; but the numbers stop at thirty-two, and none of the houses looked as if they contained people who would expect valuable papers to be delivered to them," she answered. "He finally gave it up in despair, and said that he would deposit the packet with his bankers for safe-keeping until he heard from the woman, to whom he had given his name and his Paris address."

"Then I suppose that we may assume that he did deposit it with them—who are your Paris bankers, Miss Fanshawe?"

"Our mail comes to Monroe & Company; but he has been to others on business, too. Morgan, Harjes & Company, the Crédit Lyonnaise, and Cooks' that I know of," she answered, and Tommy made note of them.

"It won't take long to inquire at all of them in the morning," he said. "I strongly suspect that the packet is the cause of your apartment being ransacked, and that it is connected with your father's absence. I saw only the back of the woman whom he followed—can you give me a description of her?"

"Yes, for I am sure it is the one with whom he traveled and for whom he undertook this service which has brought so much trouble. She is a young woman; certainly not more than thirty; about my height, and with large brown eyes and brown hair. She is pretty, and has a good figure. I remember particularly that she had very pretty teeth, white and regular, except for one defect. The eye tooth on the right side had been broken and about half of it was missing."

"And her nationality?"

"That I can't tell you; for I know nothing but English, and I could not tell whether she spoke German and Italian well or not. She had a strong accent when she spoke English—so far as I could judge from the little that poor papa gave her opportunity to say."

Tommy rose to go, and looked about the disordered apartment dubiously.

"It would be foolish to minimize the seriousness of this affair, Miss Fanshawe," he said kindly. "You are a sensible young woman, and I shall not try to hoodwink you; but you can rest assured that everything possible will be done to find your father speedily, and I happen to be in a position where I can do as much as any one. My chief anxiety is for you—have you friends in Paris?"

"With the exception of my father and you two gentlemen, who have been so kind to me, I don't know a soul," she answered forlornly. "This is awful for me, Mr. Williams, and you *will* help me, won't you? Please don't spare expense—papa is a very rich man, and I know that something has happened to him or he would never have remained away from me like this."

"You can count upon all the help we can give you, and we'll find him, never fear," he answered encouragingly. "I am trying to think of what I can do with you in the meantime."

"Please don't bother about me!" she protested hastily. "I shall be all right here in the hotel, unless you will let me go with you."

"I am afraid I can't do that," he answered kindly. "If you will stay here and not venture out alone, I shall ask at the office to have one of the maids sleep in the adjoining room, and you will be perfectly safe. I don't believe that the people who did this will be apt to return."

"And if they do they will get a warm reception," she answered, taking up a tiny silver-plated revolver carrying a bullet which would hardly stun a fly. "You needn't mind about sending a maid; my own is in the hotel, and I shall have her sleep here. She is a perfect dragon; so you need not have me on your mind; but do please hurry to find papa."

"All right! I imagine that you can look out for yourself, and I shall feel very secure about you if you will promise one thing—that under no circumstances will you leave the hotel except with one of us as escort," said Tommy, smiling into the beautiful eyes which met him so confidently, and she readily assented.

The smile left his face, which became very Mephistophelean in expression as we walked through the hallway, however, and I asked him if he really expected to locate Fanshawe.

"We'll find him safe enough; but whether dead or alive, I don't know," he said grimly. "There's no bigger fool in the world than the man who thinks he knows it all, and that's one of the diseases with which he was afflicted. A man who was raised in Chicago, which has a moral atmosphere that makes Paris seem like a Sunday school, ought to be able to take care of himself; but I'm not taking any chances where that girl's happiness is concerned, and we'll have Le Garde's help in this as soon as we can get to him."

## CHAPTER II.

The great French detective greeted us cordially when we were ushered into his office, where he was busily employed in going through a heap of documents and reports. The approaching visit of foreign royalty to Paris had imposed a tremendous amount of extra work upon him; for anarchists are at such times a constant nightmare to the European directors of police; but he never seemed too busy to talk with Tommy.

"I know that you are up to your ears in work, and I should not interrupt you without good reason," said Tommy apologetically. "I have come to ask your assistance in locating one of our compatriots who has disappeared under rather unusual circumstances."

"And would it be indiscreet to ask the lady's name?" asked Le Garde, smiling at him over his joined finger tips, and Tommy laughed.

"Oh, of course, there's one in it; but if I knew her name and address I should not have bothered you," he answered. "I can tell you only this much about her. She is about five feet eight inches tall"—Le Garde busied himself with a pencil, turning the awkward English measurements into centimeters—"weighs a hundred and fifty to sixty pounds; has brown hair, large, brown eyes, and is acknowledged to be pretty by another member of her sex. She speaks German and Italian, and English with a decided foreign accent. Her teeth are, I believe, very pretty, with only one visible defect: the right eye tooth is broken."

The Frenchman had been looking at the ceiling, apparently trying to conjure up a mental likeness to fit the meager description; but when Tommy mentioned the dental defect, he glanced at him sharply.

"You have seen this woman—here in Paris, lately, Mr. Williams?" he asked eagerly.

Tommy shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps—but if I did, it was only a back view after she had passed the Café de la Paix this evening, and the description which I give you is second-hand. I had it from a remarkably intelligent person, though; so I believe I can guarantee its correctness."

"And she is connected with the disappearance of your friend?"

"Of the man whom I am looking for—he is hardly more than an acquaintance—yes," answered Tommy.

Le Garde smiled. "But there is some one else—perhaps the remarkably intelligent person is also a woman?" he said interrogatively.

Tommy flushed. "Yes, his daughter, and I regret that I have to bring her name into it," he said hastily. "The father left her in our care when he chased up the Boulevard des Capucines after the other one and never came back to claim her."

"And if 'the other one' is the person whom I suspect, there is a very fair chance that he won't come back," said Le Garde, as he touched a button on his desk. "If my suspicion is correct, I have been badly served, Mr. Williams. Will you be good enough to give me the full details?"

This Tommy proceeded to do, briefly but adequately, and Le Garde listened attentively. When he had finished he turned to the assistant who had answered his summons and curtly ordered him to bring the papers concerning Cleo de Wynt.

It was a voluminous package which was handed to him, and contained at least a dozen photographs, which he passed to us while he examined the latest notation on the papers.

"Is this the last report—this one from Venice last week?" he asked sharply, and his assistant nodded. "Then telegraph at once to Venice and ask our agent for an immediate reply concerning her movements. Tell Vibert, with my compliments, that he or some of the men under him must have been asleep; for I have suffered the humiliation of learning from others that she is in Paris, and unless I have a full report of her movements and present address by nine to-morrow morning, he is to proceed at once to Martinique, where the chief inspector will assign him to duty at Fort de France."

"I suppose that is equivalent to a transfer from the Tenderloin to chasing goats in Harlem?" asked Tommy, smiling, but Le Garde was very serious.

"It means the end of an officer's career; but I must maintain discipline," he said sternly. "Your description exactly fits the woman whose photographs you are examining, and she is one of the most dangerous people I have had to contend with in a life which has been passed in protecting society. Every officer at the frontier and at the stations is instructed to watch for her, and with the visit of the King of Spain so near at hand I shall know no rest until she is under observation or across the frontier."

"She is an anarchist, then?" said Tommy interrogatively, examining the photographs with renewed interest.

Le Garde opened his hands expressively.

"One never knows, for the moment, what she is; but it is always safe to say that she is playing a rôle which makes her troublesome and dangerous to those whose duty it is to protect others," he said irritably. "To my knowledge she has been concerned in every plot of consequence in Europe for the past ten years. She has been a Carlist in Spain, the agent of those who hope to see the temporal power of the pope restored in Rome, the agent of Bonapartists and Royalists, in turn, in France; besides taking part in I know not how many of the incessant intrigues of the Balkan States. She is a consummate actress, an adept at disguise, and lives on excitement. I don't believe that she has played any part from conviction or for monetary reward. She has a dozen personalities and as many aliases; but she is always dangerous, and more than one of her intrigues has ended in tragedy for others. That is why I tell you that your friend Fanshawe is in serious danger if he has fallen into her toils."

We looked over the photographs together, each of them showing the woman in a different pose and costume. Except for the general contour of the face, they might have been taken for a different woman, and they varied in apparent age from the ingénue in a simple organdie dress to a decrepit old woman in hood and shawl. The face was always interesting, however, and always in character, which spoke volumes for the thoroughness with which she entered into the different parts; for they were all snap shots, taken without her knowledge.

Le Garde smiled when Tommy complimented him on the collection.

"That art gallery has cost the republic a pretty penny," he acknowledged. "I endeavor to keep her under constant observation, and my agents have instructions to photograph her whenever possible. In spite of that, she has visited Paris frequently and slipped through our fingers, and Vibert will be the fourth of my most trusted officers to earn banishment from her escapades. She is shrewd enough always to do the unexpected thing, and I never know what she is up to until it is too late to put my hands on her. Her presence here will entail redoubled vigilance to protect the Spanish king."

"You suspect that she is looking for excitement in anarchism?" asked Tommy.

Le Garde was very thoughtful for a moment.

"As I told you, she always does the unexpected thing; so perhaps that is the explanation," he answered slowly. "I apprehend no danger from known anarchists; I have them all under strict observation and always receive a full report of their secret meetings as soon as they disperse. It is the recruits, the enthusiasts, who are dangerous, and Cleo de Wynt is of the temperament which would make her enter into it from the pure love of excitement. And now, gentlemen, I fear that I must disturb the slumbers of 'the remarkably intelligent person' at the Ritz to obtain further details—do you care to accompany me?"

Tommy entered strong protest against intruding upon her at that unseemly hour, but Le Garde checked him.

"Remember that Cleo de Wynt is not a woman who sleeps when there is work to be done, and this girl's father has fallen into her clutches," he said gravely. "I should get the president himself out of bed, if it were necessary; but I shall cause the young lady the least possible inconvenience."

His tone and manner silenced further protest.

Miss Josephine Fanshawe was, if anything, more charming in the dishabille, in which she received us after keeping us waiting the briefest of time, than in the more elaborate costume she had worn when we made her ac-

quaintance; but the expression of hopeful expectation died from her large eyes and was replaced by a look of apprehension when Tommy introduced Le Garde and explained his position and his errand.

"Believe me, it distresses me to disturb you, but it may lead to the quicker restoration of your father," said the Frenchman kindly. "Mr. Williams has given me the outlines of your story; but I need more details. Will you tell me all you can remember about the packet of papers and the woman who gave them to your father?"

The girl repeated the story she had told to us and Le Garde's questioning only brought out the further fact that when the woman met her father and told him the story which made him volunteer to serve her, it was on the covered bridge which connects the two portions of the Grand Hotel, and that there was no one else about.

"I wonder if you would recognize any of these coats of arms as the impressions of the seals?" he said, rapidly sketching the bees of the Bonaparts surmounted by the imperial crown, the fleur-de-lis of Orleans, and others with which I was not familiar.

She examined the sketches carefully and shook her pretty head.

"No, it was none of those," she said positively. "I know nothing about heraldry, but I admired them because they were pretty. One of them, I remember, bore a very complicated design; there were a lot of crosses and three towers on it and a poor little sheep was shown underneath, suspended by a rope about its body. I remember it particularly, because I called papa's attention to it, and he remarked that you couldn't expect any one in Europe to hang mutton the way they do in Chicago."

"Heraldry takes strange liberties—that is the insignia of the order of the Golden Fleece," answered Le Garde, smiling. "Three castles are part of the arms of Spain—is this the blazonry?" He had sketched another shield, and when she examined it, she nodded.

"That is the one—it was the central and largest one on the envelope," she said.

Le Garde rose and looked about the apartment.

"I imagine that you have been putting things to rights here. Did you find anything which might identify the vandals who rumpled your pretty frocks?" he asked.

"Nothing whatever, and, so far as we have found, nothing was taken," she answered.

"Your father undoubtedly carried his keys in his pocket—am I not right?" he asked, examining the marks about the broken locks, and she nodded assent.

He went through the three rooms casually, humming a tune and apparently making only a cursory examination; but I knew that his sharp eyes missed nothing from the disordered pile of wearing apparel on the floor of Fanshawe's room to the grim and forbidding visage of the girl's maid, who was trying to restore order in chaos.

"Thank you very much—and I shall not intrude upon you further to-night," he said courteously, when he had finished. "You may rest assured that we shall make diligent search for your father, and I can only indorse the advice which I believe Mr. Williams has already given to you—don't leave the hotel except under proper escort, and be especially careful if you are approached by this woman, or any one who resembles her."

He handed one of Cleo de Wynt's likenesses to her and she gave a little exclamation of surprise.

"Why, that is the woman who gave him the papers! You know her and her name?"

"I believe she was known as the Baroness Hohenstein when that picture was taken," he answered. "She has borne so many that I can hardly remember them all; but no matter what she calls herself, you would not find her a desirable companion."

"I should like to run across her, just the same—I don't believe that she could hoodwink me as she apparently has poor papa," she answered, with flashing eyes; and Le Garde looked at her admiringly as her pretty teeth clicked together and her red lips settled into firm, determined lines.

"My dear young lady, I, too, should like to find her; but you can judge how sincere my warning is when I tell you that if that time ever comes, I trust that I shall not be without assistance."

"You can count upon mine, if I am within call," she answered, forcing a smile, and the Frenchman bowed his acknowledgment. He promised to let her know immediately if he found any trace of her father, and we left her to return to her interrupted repose.

"Can you make anything out of it?" asked Tommy eagerly, when we were once more in the street.

Le Garde shook his head. "Nothing very satisfactory—except that it is one of those cases where a well-meaning, innocent person gives us more trouble than a designing rogue," he said, a little irritably. "It is, of course, plain that Cleo de Wynt used Fanshawe as a tool to carry dangerous documents of some description across the frontier, and it is another indication of the woman's shrewdness. She knows that of all people the Americans are given the least attention by the police, for they never mix themselves up in the European conspiracies. I have no doubt that she knew all about him; that he was a trustworthy person, and would carry them faithfully; the fact of the muddling of the address was an accident which she could not foresee. It is thoroughly characteristic of her that she gave him no scrap of her own writing, and I'll wager that if I ever find the papers there will be nothing in them which will in any way implicate her. I have arrested dozens of her accomplices and tools at one time and another; several of them have betrayed her secrets to me; but none of them has ever been able to support his statements by the production of a scrap of her writing. That much is self-evident; but now there are contradictions which it is difficult to reconcile. Fanshawe chases her to return the papers voluntarily; but he does not return. Let us assume that there was some difficulty between them; we must still believe that he is detained by her. That does not fit in with the theory that she detained him that his rooms might be searched; for it took no little time to force those locks, and they could have easily taken his keys from him and saved time and noise."

"Have you any suspicion as to the nature of the papers?" asked Tommy quickly.

Le Garde smiled. "A suspicion only, and, as you suggest, it may have been important to more than one person to get possession of them," he said. "We know that they were sealed with the arms of Spain, and that Fanshawe received them in Venice, where Don Carlos, the pretender to that throne, lives. Also, that Cleo de Wynt has been concerned in former Carlist conspiracies. Of course, I know nothing; but the fact that King Alphonso

is to be the guest of France, and that I am responsible for his safety from the time he crosses the frontier, makes it imperative that I locate the woman who may be plotting against him. I shall be busy with the routine methods; but you can depend upon it that I shall not neglect the incidental search for Fanshawe, and I recommend his most charming daughter to the care of you gentlemen. Remember that Cleo de Wynt always does the unexpected things."

"I suppose that this is a tacit refusal of my assistance," said Tommy, in a tone of disappointment; but Le Garde was quick to reassure him.

"I am not so ungrateful," he protested. "I am in the dark myself, and all that I can do is to work the ordinary police channels. I shall probably remain quietly in my office, where I shall always be glad to see you; but I should prefer that you did nothing actively which might disturb the feeling of security of those whom we wish to discover. If I may count upon finding you at home, I shall send you the first news I have."

"Which would mean that we cooled our heels in what patience we could, while he made the running," grumbled Tommy, when he had left us. "That is not the habit of your Uncle Thomas Williams, who is now going to sleep over this dime-novel complication."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## A MEXICAN "HOLDUP."

By EMERSON BENNETT.

It is now more than thirty years since I met with a very singular adventure in the northern part of Mexico. I had left Chihuahua for the Rio Grande, with a long train of loaded mules, having some Indian drivers and a Mexican guide. Near the close of the second day, just as we had fixed upon our camp, in a pleasant grove, near a running stream, a party of armed men, six in number, suddenly made their appearance, coming from I knew not where, as I did not perceive them till they were close upon me.

They were all gayly dressed in the fanciful costume of the country, and five of them carried carbines, which they leveled at me, as if with the intention of shooting me down at once.

"Do you surrender, señor?" demanded the sixth—the leader of the party—who was armed with a brace of pistols and a stiletto.

"Have I any choice?" said I.

"Death."

"Then, of course, I surrender."

"Throw down your arms, then, and permit yourself to be blindfolded at once."

"May I ask you what you intend to do with me, señor?" said I, as I obeyed his order.

"You may ask, but I shall not tell you."

"Of course I am in your hands, and at your mercy; but, as I never harmed you or yours, I shall venture to hope you will not treat me harshly," I rejoined.

He did not reply to this, but made a sign to his men, who advanced, gathered up my weapons, and fixed a tight bandage over my eyes. Two of them took each an arm, and I was led away between them.

To the best of my judgment, we walked about half a mile, not a word being spoken. Then we began to descend some steps, and, by the cooler and damper feel of the air, I believed we were entering some subterranean place—perhaps a cave. We went down for a comparatively long distance, and then through what seemed to be a narrow passage, with sharp turns—now to the right, and now to the left. Then we went up a few steps, and down twice as many, and soon after appeared to enter a large apartment, where several persons were assembled, chatting and laughing, but who suddenly became silent.

Here I expected my bandage to be removed, but it was not. I was still led forward into another narrow passage, and then into a room, the door of which opened with a harshly grating sound.

My sight being now restored to me, I found myself in a small, rocky cell, whose dimensions and contents I could perceive by the light of an iron lamp, which one of my two conductors held in his hand. The apartment was, perhaps, ten feet by six, and looked as if it had been hewed out of a solid rock. It had an iron door, with a very small opening over the top to admit air. It was daylight when I left the fresh world above, but there was no daylight here, and the air was damp and noisome. A dirty mattress stretched along the ground on one side, and an earthern jug stood in one corner. These were all the room contained, which had the appearance of a prisoner's cell.

"Will you not tell me why I am here?" I said to the men, as they stood watching the expression of my features.

"Because it is the wish of our chief," answered one, with a grim smile.

"Have I done anything for which he wishes to punish me?"

"He had better answer that question himself."

"Shall I see him soon?"

"You may, and you may not."

"What will become of my property, meantime?"

"It will be taken good care of."

"May I hope it will be restored to me?"

"You may hope what you like."

"Will you tell me nothing to solve the mystery in which I am involved?"

"That is not our business here," said the spokesman, and then both turned to go out.

"Oh, gentlemen!" exclaimed I, as a horrible suspicion suddenly flashed upon me, "pray assure me of one thing—that I am not to be locked up in here and left to starve to death."

"It is not for us to say," was the reply, as the heavy iron door was swung to and locked, leaving me in darkness, a prey to fear and despair.

For hours no one came near me; and, not knowing better what to do, I stretched my weary self out on the mattress and finally fell asleep.

I was awakened by the creaking of the hinges of my iron door. I looked up, and could scarcely believe my senses, when I beheld, by the light she held in her hand, a young, tall, beautiful lady, with black eyes and hair, very gayly and richly dressed; her soft, white, tapering fingers fairly glittering with rings of great value. Behind her, like an evil genius, stood a wrinkled and ugly old woman, whose bleared eyes and hooked nose just came out of the shadow, over her shoulder, with a very

unpleasant, if not startling, effect. I immediately rose from my dirty couch, and made my most polite bow, which the younger female, after staring hard at me, in a very peculiar manner, for nearly a minute, acknowledged by a very slight inclination of her head.

"What is your name, age, and country, señor?" she said, at length, speaking in the tone of one accustomed to command.

"My name is Walter Ainsworth, I am twenty-nine years of age, and I was born in the United States."

"What is the value of your mule train, including goods and animals?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"What amount of money have you about your person, and what things of value?"

I knew I might as well tell the truth, and the whole truth, as endeavor to conceal anything—for I was unquestionably in the hands of an organized body of brigands, who could search me, or do whatever else with me they might choose—so I answered, without hesitation:

"I have, in money, not far from a hundred dollars, and a gold watch worth, perhaps, two hundred; these are all of any special value; my silver-mounted pistols and bowie knife having already been given up."

"Are you married or single?"

"I have a wife and two children."

"Where?"

"In New Orleans."

"Do they depend on you for support?"

"Entirely."

"Have you other property beside your mule train?"

"Only a little—worth, perhaps, some few hundred dollars."

"I think you have given me honest and truthful answers," she said, looking me keenly in the eye.

"I have, indeed, fair lady, and I hope I may trust much to your kindliness and mercy."

"Give him bread and water, Francisca," she said, turning to the old woman.

The latter stepped past her mistress, and placed a stone jug and a loaf of bread on the ground at my feet. Then she advanced to the corner and took away the jug already there. Both then turned to go out, and I exclaimed pleadingly:

"Have mercy, fair lady, and procure me my liberty."

"What will you give for it?" she inquired.

"If necessary, everything I possess."

"I will consider your proposition," she replied; and then the heavy iron door was once more swung to and locked, and I was again left in darkness and solitude. From that time, for a long period—a month, as I made it out—I saw no living soul. There was a small door set in the larger, and once a day this was opened; but, being dark outside, and no light being brought, I could see no one. A hand reached in a loaf of bread and a jug of water, and I handed out the jug already there. Several times I addressed words to the invisible party outside; but no answer ever being returned, I at length ceased to speak, and for the last three weeks said nothing. What I suffered in that time, I leave to the imagination.

One day the same lady I have described came and spoke to me through the wicket.

"Are you still of the same mind, señor—willing to give all you possess for your liberty?"

"Oh, yes, lady! yes! I will give all—all! Oh, for the love of Heaven, set me at liberty!"

"Will you swear to follow my directions in every particular, and never seek to find this place, or bring to justice any one concerned in your capture and imprisonment?"

"Yes, lady! by the most sacred oath you may prescribe."

"Then, by the lives of your wife and children, swear!"

"I do; and by my hopes of Heaven!"

"You will be blindfolded and led out of your prison," she pursued; "but will not be left to go penniless. What you have about your person, you will be allowed to keep, and you will be put upon the road to Chihuahua, mounted on a good horse, and furnished with a heavy purse, as part of the proceeds of your mule train, which has been sold to advantage. You will ride to Chihuahua as fast as you can, and report yourself as having done well, without making mention of any trouble ont the route, or of any person or thing you have heard or seen in this vicinity. After that, take my advice, and leave the country, without ever returning this way again."

"In every particular, kind lady, you shall be obeyed," said I, my heart wildly beating with hope and joy.

"It is well. Be ready in an hour, adios."

She went away, and that hour seemed to me an age, as I hurriedly paced up and down my dark cell. Would she keep her promise? should I again be free?

Thank Heaven, she was true to her word! At the expiration of an hour, two persons entered my cell in the dark, put a close bandage over my eyes, and led me away in silence, through long, narrow passages as before, and up to the world above. Oh, what a delightful sensation to feel and breathe once more the pure air of heaven. They still continued to lead me away for something like a mile, and then put a heavy purse in my hand and mounted me upon a horse.

"Now, then," said one, "we are about to leave you. Your horse's head is toward Chihuahua. Do not touch your bandage till you hear us whistle; then tear it off and ride for your life, looking not behind you."

I followed their directions, as I had sworn to do, and reached my destination in safety, and soon after left the country. The bag given me contained the amount of a thousand dollars in gold. To this day I do not understand the mystery of my imprisonment, robbery, and parting present.

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## TOO SWEET.

"How much is my bill?" inquired a sad-eyed youth in a Chicago confectionery store the other day.

The proprietor looked over his books a minute and then replied:

"Sixteen dollars and fifteen cents."

As the young man drew forth his wallet to meet the amount, he sighed deeply, and said:

"I tell you this is tough!"

"How so?" asked the confectioner.

"Oh, she's gone back on me."

"Who?"

"Oh, she—the girl that ate all the candy," continued the unhappy youth; "and I tell you it's hard to pay for so much sweetness after it's gone and soured on a fellow."

The candy man acknowledged that it did seem kind of rough.

# THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS.

### Prisoners Study by Mail.

Correspondence courses given by the University of California are popular among the inmates of the State penitentiary at San Quentin, Cal. Seven hundred prisoners of San Quentin's 2,000 have enrolled for the various courses.

### Girl Gives Life for Science.

Taking a place in the annals of medical heroism with the two public health surgeons who gave their lives that the world might know more of yellow fever and spotted fever, Miss Marion C. Mabie is dead at New Rochelle, N. Y.

She contracted diphtheria in experiments, seeking a serum to prevent the disease. Miss Mabie was only twenty years old.

### Calf Born Without a Tail.

John Callahan, of Big Laurel, Va., is the owner of a calf normal in all respects but one—it does not have a tail. The animal was born without a fly swatter, and as yet there are no signs of one.

### Whole Family Goes to Jail for Grocery Bill.

A grocery bill for $300 bids fair to prevent forever the hopes of John Neimi and his little family of gaining competence in California and freeing themselves from debt. When Neimi, his wife, and their three small children arrived at San Francisco, they were arrested as they stepped from the train, a warrant sworn to by a grocer in Rock Springs, Wyo., having headed them off.

The entire family now is in the city prison, a small section of which has been converted into a dormitory for the mother and children.

Neimi said that it was impossible for him to make a living in Rock Springs, and that, obtaining a position in Fort Bragg, he took every cent he possessed and bought tickets to that place. He will be held until an officer arrives from Rock Springs, or the charge is dismissed.

### Dove Recognizes its Friend.

A dove showed remarkable memory here when it recognized D. H. Leavitt, of Portland, a former resident of Bath, Maine. When Leavitt lived here, he took much pleasure in feeding the birds, which became quite tame and responded to his whistle. While walking along a street, during his recent visit here, Leavitt saw a dove, and whistled to it. Apparently the bird recognized the sound, for it flew straight to his shoulder. None of the birds had been known to be so tame since Leavitt moved away.

### Woman Pulls Hog's Teeth.

A widow living in East Pittston, Mich., having purchased a fine pig a few weeks ago, and later seeing another fine specimen, decided to have two to occupy the same sty.

The latest purchase was two months younger than the other porker, and, when put in the pen, seemed to cause the elder much annoyance. The latter seemed bent upon the destruction of the latest arrival. Everything available was done, and still the warfare continued.

What should the owner do? What could she do? Armed with a pair of pliers, she proceeded to the sty and extracted the teeth that had lacerated the younger pig so badly. Since then peace reigns, and both the pigs are progressing finely.

### About War Balloons.

The tragic collision of a dirigible balloon and an aëroplane in a sham battle near Vienna, Austria, described recently, calls attention to the fact that the first battle in which military balloons were used was at Solferino, just fifty-five years ago, where the balloons of the French were of great assistance in enabling the French and Sardinian allies to triumph over the Austrians. While this was the first battle in which military balloons were used, as early as 1794 an aëronaut named Guyton de Morveau made two ascents during the Battle of Fleurus, and gave important information to Jourdain.

Military balloons were first used in America by the Federal army near Washington in 1861, and in the following year the balloon corps of the United States army was employed by McClellan during the first siege of Richmond. During the Franco-Prussian War, balloons were used not only to spy out the enemy's position, but also to carry military orders and mail from besieged Paris.

Regular balloon and aviation corps are now attached to the armies of all leading nations.

### Steamer Goes on Rocks.

Three hundred and forty-eight of the 1,016 passengers of the Anchor line steamer *California*, ashore on Tory Island, were landed at Londonderry, Ireland. The others were taken to Glasgow. In a thick fog the *California* ran on the rocks while bound from New York for Glasgow. According to the passengers, there was no panic when the liner struck.

Tory Island lies off the northern coast of County Donegal. It is a rock reef, two and one-third miles long and half a mile wide. Wireless calls for help brought speedy assistance from several small gunboats and torpedo boats which were patroling the coast for gun runners in connection with the Ulster movement.

### Seeks Mermaid, Dives into Devilfish's Arms.

When the steamer *Obidense* arrived at New York from the West Indies, Frank Bull, a cook, showed the bruises he had sustained in a desperate fight with a devilfish he encountered while diving for hidden wealth at Port Antonio, Jamaica.

Bull heard that a mermaid guarded treasure hidden by Spanish pirates in a cave whose mouth was under water.

Unarmed, except for a knife in his belt, Bull dived and came up in the cave. As he swam into shallow water, he suddenly felt himself embraced about the waist. He expected to see the mermaid when he turned, but, instead,

saw nothing. Then something drew his legs together, and a long, snakelike tentacle grasped him about the shoulder.

It was a devilfish, and the cook knew it. Grabbing his knife, he began slashing at the mushy body, and finally drove the fish off. Seeing blood in the water, Jack Furgsth, Bull's companion, dove into the cave and found Bull in a faint.

### No Joke, This.

Jokes about riding the goat at lodge initiations are common enough, but never was a goat as realistically ridden as at the initiation conducted by the Owls in their rooms on the third floor of the Lexington Opera House at Lexington, Mass., when one of the can-eating animals plunged out of a window, carrying a candidate on his back.

George O'Leary was the victim, and was getting along in the "mysteries" of the order in fine shape when the goat sprang through the window. Luckily for O'Leary, he and the goat alighted on the top of an adjoining building, only a story below the window, and escaped serious injury.

O'Leary managed to climb back on a fire escape, but it took six strong Owls to get the poor goat up.

### Swallows Paper of Needles.

Mrs. Sarah McNabb, of Salina, Kan., has been a living needle cushion since she was a little child. One day, while at play, she found a paper of fine needles and placed them in her mouth. Falling asleep, she bit the needles in two and swallowed the point ends. Since that time six of the points have worked out from different parts of her body. One was taken out recently by a doctor in Bedford, Ind., where she was visiting.

### Woman Burnes to Death on Stove.

When Edith and Inez Franklin returned to their home at Parsons, Kan., they found their mother, Mrs. William Franklin, lying across the kitchen range. Her body from the waist up was burned to a crisp. She had fainted while preparing supper, and fell over two lighted gas burners. She lived several hours after she was discovered.

### Johnson Going Back.

The experts at the ringside of the Jack Johnson-Frank Moran twenty-round fight at Paris, in which the negro champion retained his title, agree, with very few dissenting voices, that Jack Johnson has "gone back" considerably from his old-time form, and also that Moran has improved wonderfully since his last scrap.

If such were not the case, it is argued that the champion would easily have knocked out the Pittsburgh, Pa., "white hope" in quick time. This point seems well taken when it is shown that Moran was "made to order" for Johnson. In other words, the white man was the sort of boxer against whom the negro always made the best showing.

Johnson is a great defensive fighter. With a man coming to him all the time and carrying the fight to him, as Moran did, it is almost impossible to whip the champion, for, if he is set and ready, he can hit as hard as any heavyweight.

Johnson won the fight and retained the much coveted world's heavyweight title by his superior skill and by effective uppercutting when Moran bored into him. The uppercuts, on which Johnson has relied in many of his previous fights, were sent repeatedly to Moran's jaw, and the Pittsburgher appeared unable to avoid them.

Moran landed often enough on the negro, but his blows lacked force. When he did attempt to hit hard, the negro easily evaded him.

Several hundred women, among them Johnson's white wife, attended the fight and applauded the two men as they pummeled each other. Among them were several ladies of the nobility.

Many of the spectators are still complaining and calling the fight a fake. They assert that Johnson could have put his opponent out, but did not do so because he wanted the motion pictures to look good. There was not a knockdown in the twenty rounds, and, to be candid, it must be acknowledged that Johnson's victory was an empty one, aside from the $30,000 he received and which he needed badly. He took no chances with his title, and made Moran do all the leading. Had Moran employed Johnson's tactics, the bout would have been a farce.

Neither man shows serious marks from the fight. Moran has a small cut over his eye, and his nose is battered from a blow in the tenth round. Johnson was warned for this blow, which Moran claimed was foul. The latter insists that he would have won the battle had this foul blow not landed, the blood from it choking him and slowing him up.

Moran expects to begin training at once for another fight. Johnson will go on an auto tour of Russia, but has agreed to meet Sam Langford in October, provided he is guaranteed $30,000. However, fight followers believe the negro will not fight.

### "Pretty Kitty" Closes Village Post Office.

Some one played a joke on the Lestershire, N. Y., post-office officials, who had to bury their uniforms and order a general fumigation of the office, as a result of the prank. When a box with a glass top and numerous air holes in the sides arrived in the office, there was considerable wonderment.

Through the glass was visible the head and back of what apparently was a handsome black kitten, with a white stripe down the middle of the back. The package was addressed to Mr. D. U. Kno, Lestershire, N. Y. Across the top was marked, in bold letters: "Mephitus Mephitica, Handle With Care."

The clerks were unable to find any "Kno" in the post-office, village, or city directories. So milk was obtained and the box opened.

The place was immediately filled with a strong odor. There was some confusion, and then the office was closed for the day. The "pretty kitty" was a skunk.

### "Eveless Flat" Inventor Dies.

Edward J. Beall, who tried to prove that man could get along happily without woman, by inventing an "Eveless flat," saw his theory disproved as he lay on his deathbed, for in his last hours he was surrounded in his Cincinnati, Ohio, home by women relatives and neighbors, who gave him tender care.

Beall's "Eveless Paradise," as it was called, was a room nine by twelve feet, so arranged with sliding doors and closets that there were really six rooms in one. The bed folded into the wall, the kitchen stove was also in the wall, and so were his dining room, his pantry, his bathroom, and his office.

He invented the "flat" partly for personal convenience and partly to poke fun at the tendency of modern folk to desert regular homes and crowd into tiny flats, and to prove his theory.

### Convicts Would Stop Drink.

A petition drafted by prisoners in the Eastern penitentiary, at Philadelphia, Pa., declaring that fully seventy per cent of the crime within this State is the direct result of the excessive use of intoxicating liquors and asking for the enactment of prohibition legislation, is being circulated among the convicts in that institution.

It is reported that 1,500 signatures of inmates of the prison will be attached to the petition, which is to be presented to the Legislature. The editor of a paper published in the penitentiary by the prisoners started the movement.

### Skeeter Bites Bar Him from Navy.

A multitude of mosquito bites prevented Fred Foster, of Minneapolis, Minn., from becoming a blue jacket in the United States navy. Foster passed all the examinations at the recruiting station, when it was found that his face was marked with eruptions which the physicians were unable to explain. Foster claimed the mosquitoes had almost eaten him up on the farm where he worked, and were the cause of the breaking out. However, his application was held up.

### Eyeglasses for Army Nags.

A man in Salem, Mass., has sent to the quartermaster general of the United States army what he calls a rough draft of a patent pending for adjustable eyeglasses for army horses.

The diagram, in pencil, attempts to show these glasses in detail and in place. The glasses are held to the horses by means of a series of elastic bands and straps going over the head and under the neck of the animal. The inventor sees no reason why some consideration should not be given to the eyes of horses, so long as great care is used to protect the vision of automobile people.

The inventor has covered a sheet of brown paper, measuring four by two feet, with sketches in pencil and with explanatory notes, saying, among other things: "I am not a draftsman to draw a good horse, but the idea is there."

### Lowest and Highest Land.

By a strange freak of nature, the lowest point of dry land in the United States is less than eighty miles from the highest. The lowest point is in Death Valley, and is 276 feet below sea level. It is said that from this point Mount Whitney—14,501 feet—can be easily seen on a clear day.

### Has Scheme to Tell When Rails are Broken.

As a result of his recent experience in a railroad wreck, Joseph H. Gartside, commander of a Grand Army post in Philadelphia, Pa., has invented a system of detecting fractured rails, which are the cause of so many accidents.

Gartside and his wife were passengers on a long special train that was wrecked at Manchester, N. Y., twenty-nine persons having been killed and sixty-two injured. Gartside was not hurt, but his wife sustained injuries which rendered her an invalid, unable to walk. Gartside found the broken rail that caused the wreck. Two-thirds of the break was black and one-third white, showing that it had been fractured for a long time, and on this account it let go after the two engines and five cars of the train had passed over it.

Gartside's scheme to detect the breaks in time to correct them has been called impracticable, but it has been successfully tested. It consists of pasting a strip of paper on other fragile material on the web of the rail. If the fracture exists, the weight of the engine passing over it will expand the fracture and tear the paper, enabling the track walker or inspector to detect it, which otherwise could not be seen, as, after the engine passes, it comes so close together that the fracture could not be seen.

### Negroes Ready to Return to Africa.

That many American negroes are not only willing but anxious to return to Africa—the land of their forefathers—was proved at Galveston, Texas, by the great crowds of enthusiastic negro men and women who gathered at the dock and welcomed "Chief" Alfred C. Sam and his steamer, *Liberia*, which came to pick up a delegation of colored folk before sailing for the west coast of Africa.

When the boat swung alongside Pier 41, negroes of every size, age, and description, many of whom have been waiting in Galveston for months, swarmed aboard and literally threw themselves upon Chief Sam in the ecstasy of delight.

Sam, who is at the head of the Akim Trading Company, expects to take to Africa a large number of negroes in a "back-to-Africa" movement. The destination of the steamer is Salt Pond, Africa. There he hopes to settle and establish a colony that has as its ultimate ambition a self-governed home, where the negro will be supreme in all things.

The vessel on which Sam and some of his followers arrived was formerly the *Curityba*, owned by the company of which Sam is the chief. Her crew numbers more than half a hundred, most of whom are white men. She has a net tonnage of 1,476 tons, and was recently overhauled, a wireless apparatus being added.

While the buzz of the reception was at its height, a press correspondent walked up to the gangplank and inquired for Chief Sam. A six-foot negro, with all the officiousness of a policeman, grabbed the reporter, and, impressing on him the fact that white folk were not welcome on the ship, hustled him unceremoniously down the gangplank. The crowd of negroes cheered gleefully.

Then the chief of the expedition stepped forth from the center of the crowd that had been lionizing him, and, with upraised hand, silenced the negroes and the boat's watchman. "My brethren," he said reprovingly, and all the brethren fell back, abashed, at his words.

"We welcome an investigation by the press," he said to the reporter. "We have nothing to hide. We go to the west coast of Africa to prepare a place that the people of our race may establish themselves in self-sustaining conditions. Our purpose and plans have been falsely displayed in the North by the newspapers. They have told untruths about us. We have never been given the opportunity to put ourselves right with any but our own people. Do you doubt that my people are anxious to go back to a land they can call their own?" and he swept a diamond-bespecked hand in the direction of the crowd that was eating "free lunch" on the boat.

Sam is a negro of probably forty years of age, more

than six feet tall, and very dark-skinned. He is quick in manner and action, but speaks with a slow, easy assurance and uses well-chosen language. Members of the white crew, from the captain down "stepped about" in obedience to his gestures of command as readily as did his followers.

"This trip to Africa is mainly for the purpose of locating our colony," he continued. "We have no land yet, but have been assured that we can readily secure all that we will need on the west coast of Africa from the native tribes. If we can purchase lumber and cement at reasonable prices in Galveston, we will take a quantity along to build the nucleus of our colony, which will probably be a dormitory, a chapel, and a store. Our people are not homeless. They are not idlers or drones. Our plan is to establish a government on the west coast of the land our race once owned, a government in which our race will be supreme. When our colony is established, and the people of our race see that we are successful, this boat will be crowded on every trip that she makes to Africa."

Pressed for details as to the land expected to be taken up, the problems of tenantry, and of capital, Sam said that details had not been completed. He appeared, however, to have plenty of money, and all his followers aboard appeared in good circumstances.

To the 500 or more negro men and women who came to Galveston, several months ago, in preparation to leave immediately, the day was a gala one. They lined the deck and crowded aboard, all in their Sunday best. They shook hands with each other and laughed and shouted and cried. They sat in the deck chairs and touched the ship's brasses lovingly. "Our ship," they called the *Liberia*. The news of the ship's arrival spread like wildfire among the negro inhabitants, and so great was the rush that later in the evening it was necessary for Chief Same to receive his visitors in installments. Even during the afternoon the dock was crowded.

Of the seventy-two people aboard, the majority are members of the crew. The accommodations aboard are ample for a large crowd. Chief Sam is allotted the first cabin. Next to his cabin is one that has been converted into a place of worship . "Holy" is marked outside the door in large letters. The majority of the voyagers are members of the Holy Ghost and Us Society, but Chief Sam said there were a few of other denominations aboard.

The greater number aboard the ship were men, but several well-dressed young negro women were aboard, mingling with the crowd. The *Liberia* is clean throughout, and her ship's crew was dressed in spotless white. Port officials said the ship and passengers stood satisfactory inspection.

It is understood that stock in the company is being sold freely among the negroes; that the membership in the Holy Ghost and Us Society always pays the passage of the members to Africa on the *Liberia*, but that each passenger must pay for his own rations. The question of membership in the society, its cost and privileges, and the number of members already enrolled, officers of the company declined to answer.

An old mammy, evidently a washerwoman, stood by the deck rail partaking, in a hearty fashion, of the free lunch offered all visitors.

"Sister, are you with us?" inquired Chief Sam, as he stretched out his hand in welcome and beamed a wide come-all-ye smile at her. She made an old-fashioned Southern curtsy to the leader. "I shorely am on my way back home," she replied confidently, with a look of smiling gratitude for having been recognized, "and that's the truth."

### Breezes and Gales Take Place of Wind.

It may be news to a good many persons to know that there is no wind, but Uncle Sam has so decided. The Government Weather Bureau has taken the "wind" out of its forecasts, substituting the words "breezes" and "gales."

The new scale has a variety of breezes and gales. Of gales there are fresh ones, when the air moves from 34 to 40 miles an hour; strong ones, when it moves from 40 to 48; whole gales, from 56 to 65, and storms, when 65 to 70 miles. Whenever the 75-mile-an-hour mark is reached, the gale or storm becomes a hurricane.

### Life-saving Invention.

A novel life-saving packet has been designed by a woman, chiefly for the use of those undertaking sea voyages. It is light, and can be easily slipped on. This jacket is of a specially made cloth and is capable of keeping the wearer afloat twenty-four hours. It can be worn in cold weather or kept in a traveling bag, where it occupies but little space.

### Ham Bone is Lure for Ants.

City Forester Buddy, of Cleveland, Ohio, has been receiving numerous complaints concerning the invasion of some of the city's best lawns by ants. Brown, mottled patches appear on the lawns before the startled eyes of the owners, even while they are admiring the smooth beauty.

"Bait the ants," is the advice Buddy has given. "Take a ham bone, from which the meat has not been entirely removed, and place it on the lawn. The ants will gather on the bone from about 100 feet surrounding. The bone can then be doused into hot water and the ants killed."

### Uses Pencil to Mend Nose.

When Professor J. C. Herbsman, of the University of Washington, broke his nose in an auto accident while on a political tour, he used an ordinary lead pencil for a splint and proceeded to fill all his speaking engagements before going to a surgeon. Ole Hanson, his companion, inserted the pencil in Herbsman's nostril. It is said the substitute splint worked so well that a doctor's services were not really needed.

### Pigeon Makes Flight Record.

A carrier pigeon, Ben Bolt No. 21, owned by G. H. Skofield, of Los Angeles, Cal., flew the 1,800 miles from Reading, Okla., back to Los Angeles in fifty hours and ten minutes. Skofield asserts that the bird's flight is a record for the distance covered.

### Aged 104, Eats Half a Pie.

"Jake" Hoebach, of Philadelphia, Pa., rounded out a pleasant celebration of his one hundred and fourth birthday anniversary by eating a juicy half section of a cherry pie. "If I live to be 200," he said, smacking his lips, "I will never get over my fondness for cherry pie."

Jake is employed as a farm hand on the farm of D. H. Kirkner, where he has been employed for the past eighty-one years. Despite long hours, he says he will never tire of farm work. Here is the daily-work program of this spry young man of 104 years:

Four a. m., gets up; 4:15, feeds the horses; 4:25 start milking; 5:30, breakfast; 5:45, curry the horses; 6, hook up for the milk train; 7, back and take out a load of hay or plow; 8:11, chores; 12, knock off for dinner; 1 p. m., fix wagons and other odd jobbs; 4, take the cows in to milk; 5, clean horses; 6, supper; 6:30, loaf around; 9, go to bed.

### Eat Soup Worth Seven Dollars a Bowl.

One hundred and forty patients in Pittsburgh, Pa., hospitals ate the most high-priced soup ever heard of here, when they were given broth worth $7 per bowl. It was made from eighteen chickens valued at $1,000. The fowls were captured in a raid on a cock fight.

### Boy of Seven Kills Sister of Four.

Jackson Gill, aged seven, of McCurtain, Okla., accidentally shot and killed his four-year-old sister with his father's revolver. The boy says he thought the pistol was unloaded. While demonstrating with a target rifle which he believed unloaded, Maurice Pair, aged ten, accidentally shot and killed his brother Blendon, aged seven.

### Catches Twenty-five Possums in Hole.

After watching for the thieves which had been stealing his chickens, W. L. Maggard, of Big Laurel, Va., discovered that it was possums that were stealing the fowls. With his dog he trailed them to a hole. When the hole was dug open, twenty-five possums, twenty-three young ones, and two mothers were killed.

### Wrens Use Mail Box for Nest.

Veteran Peter Moore, of St. Marys, Ohio, has ceased using the mail box on his front porch because the device had been occupied by a pair of wrens, the birds having built a nest therein. Several eggs are in process of incubation.

### First Haircut in Thirty-two Years.

John McPherson, a Christian County coal miner, known, by reason of his long locks, as "the General Custer of Illinois," has had his hair cut for the first time in thirty-two years, at Pana, Ill., recently. His hair reached to his shoulders.

### Best Fighters Are Born and Not Made.

First-class boxers, like men who make their marks in all other professions, are born, not made. Ever since the battle between Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson on July 4, 1910, when the former tried to win back the heavyweight championship of the world, boxing promoters and managers have turned the world topsy-turvy in search of a boxer who could whip the negro champion, but up to date have not unearthed a man who is considered a logical contender for the heavyweight title.

A few thought that Frank Moran was the man. But they were disappointed when Johnson beat him in a twenty-round scrap. Now Gunboat Smith seems the most likely of the "white hopes" in the limelight, but on the showing of the champion in the Miron fight, Smith has little chance to win the title at present.

It has long been acknowledged that none of the present crop of heavyweights has a chance to whip Johnson if he is in condition. The negro has proved that he has not gone back so much from fast living as had been thought. So the "white hopes" may have to wait some time before Johnson is weak and slow enough for them to defeat him.

Before Johnson won the title, about every wiseacre would argue that he knew of some one who knew of some longshoreman or burly blacksmith that could punch all the champion pugilists into a pulp in a fraction less than a jiffy, but the research dissipated that argument.

And so it has been from time immemorial in the boxing game. The men who have made good in the ring are those who have taken to the game themselves and not those forced into it on account of their bulk, as are many of our present "white hopes."

It is as natural for some men to be boxers as it is for others to be poets, musicians, and artists. Circumstances often develop the pugilistic nature in the successful fighting man, but nobody can become a top-notcher in the prize ring unless he has the natural requirements in his make-up.

John L. Sullivan's parents admitted that nature made the big fellow a champion. It was about the same with the parents of Jeffries. His father, who was a traveling preacher up and down the western rivers, tried hard to have his big son follow in the same path, but again nature stepped in and declared Jim a gladiator. It is almost always the case that parents of pugilists are opposed to the fighting game.

### Village Declares War on Pests it Fostered.

Kent, Ohio, citizens have petitioned the council to exterminate the squirrels which overrun this city.

Petitioners say that aside from his acrobatic entertainments, the squirrel is entirely useless. They also charge he is guilty of many offenses, as follows:

He eats the pear, apple, and horse-chestnut buds and buckeyes.

He gets all the ripest and best strawberries, having the advantage of being a naturally early riser.

He climbs raspberry bushes and plucks the ripe raspberries.

He eats the ripe pears and apples.

He steals birds' eggs and destroys birds' nests.

He strips young shade trees of bark.

He plays tag on housetops at daylight, keeping occupants awake.

He eats holes through houses and lives in attics in winter months.

All this trouble with the bushy tails is the result of the idea sprung twelve years ago that squirrels would help make Kent a model village.

Citizens then harbored and fed the gray, red, and fox squirrels and saw them increase.

### Neighbors Must Never Speak.

Just because a small boy poured turpentine on a puppy's tail, two men in the municipal court, at Kansas City, Mo., drew the unusual sentence of never speaking to each other again, in addition to a fine of $50 each. The families of J. W. Harvey and L. R. Simpson live next

door to each other. One of the Harvey boys sent the Simpson pup home, howling, with turpentine on its tail. Simpson emerged from the house and challenged Harvey to battle. The words which followed were so hot that arrests followed.

### Skunk Bites Sleeper's Ear.

While asleep under a tree near the home of Steve Smith, of Haskell, Okla., John Reerink was attacked and bitten in the ear by a skunk. The animal finally was killed.

The Reerinks, father and son, were building a barn for Smith and were sleeping in a tent in the yard. While asleep he felt something touch his blanket. He brushed at the spot, thinking that a bug had disturbed him. A second later the skunk had fastened its teeth in his ear. The father answered his son's cries and choked the animal.

### Can't Talk but Woo and Wed.

Although neither can understand what the other says, Miss Katherine Kutcham and Mario Strong are now husband and wife.

Neither one can speak English. The bride speaks Polish and the groom Italian. They fell in love while employed at the Dunwoodie Country Club.

In order to perform the ceremony, the judge, at Jersey City, N. J., had to bring in two interpreters, who respectively coached the bride and bridegroom.

### Four Killed by "Live" Rope.

Four men were killed by electricity in a strange manner at the plant of the Quincy Market Cold Storage Company, at Boston, Mass. An elevator rope, with a metal core, which had become exposed by the wearing off of a fiber covering, came in contact with an electric current. The men, grasping the rope on successive floors in an effort to stop the car after the first victim had started it, were shocked to death. The men killed were M. J. Moriarity, William Ryan, Josiah Lacey, and John Donahue.

### Bold Thieves Try to Carry Town Jail Away.

The police of Pleasantville, a suburb of Atlantic City, N. J., are trying to find the thieves who made an attempt to steal the "two-by-four" jail there. The prison will hold only seven persons if they sit closely together. The lock-up was moved a short distance one night, but no particular attention was paid until it was found that it was being moved a little bit every night.

To add to the troubles of the force, Patrolman Krewson lost his keys, and when he made an arrest and went to place the prisoner in the "calaboose," he found he was locked out.

### Aged Laborer Leaves $12,000.

After the death of John Cowan, aged sixty-five, a street sweeper in Kewanee, Ill., for many years, friends learned he had accumulated $12,000 stocks and bonds in a safety-deposit box at a local bank. His only surviving relative is a nephew in the Watertown Asylum for the Insane.

### Fifty-six Years on One Farm.

Mrs. Elizabeth High, who had lived for fifty-six years on the same farm, at Shenandoah, Iowa, is dead at her home at the age of ninety-one years. Mrs. High and her husband moved to Fremont County, Iowa, in 1856, coming in covered wagons, and accompanied by Mrs. High's two sisters and their families. They bought land on Walnut Creek from a man named Farmer, who held the deed from the government. They settled in a little log cabin, which was replaced forty years ago by a large farmhouse, in which Grandma High lived the rest of her life.

### Loss of Arm Saves His Life.

A man whose life was saved by the loss of his arm has brought suit for $40,000 damages.

The man is Louis Buttner, of San Francisco, Cal., and if he had not lost his arm on board the American schooner *American* last year, he would have been one of the vessel's crew who sailed for the South American coast and never returned.

Buttner's arm was caught in a windlass, and his shipmates, applying crude first aid to the injured, amputated the member with caseknives and an ax. Then Buttner was put ashore, and the vessel proceeded to its doom.

### Reunited After Sixty Years.

After being separated for sixty years, Miss Emily Mayo, seventy-four years old, of London, England, and her sister, Mrs. Sarah Mayo Glasgow, seventy-five, of Galena, Ill., were reunited at Newark, N. J., at the home of their niece, Mrs. Charles Comes. The sisters traveled more than 4,000 miles to meet, and each made the trip alone. In a few days they will leave for Mrs. Glasgow's home, where they will live together.

Miss Mayo and Mrs. Glasgow are the only ones living of sixteen children born to their parents. Mrs. Glasgow came to this country in 1854. She married a well-to-do farmer, and they have eleven children living, all but two of whom are farmers.

### Slaughter Follows Archduke's Death.

Reports from towns and villages throughout Bosnia and Herzegovina tell of outbreaks between the Moslems, who favor Austrian rule, and the Servians, who detest it, and regard the killing of Archduke Francis Ferdinand as an act of patriotism. It is believed that hundreds will have perished before the new conflict between the Moslem Croatians and the Christian Servians is done.

More than 200 persons were killed or wounded at Mostar, Herzegovina, in desperate battles between the Servians and Mohammedans. Fighting raged in nearly every street, and the town was set afire.

Many were killed at Agram, capital of Croatia, after the Croatians had been stirred to anger by the news that a Servian had slain the archduke. Servian students shouted: "Thank God, we need not do it ourselves." Immediately rioting began.

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